# THEATRE MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1918

THE September THEATRE MAGAZINE will help usher in the new theatrical season—a cracker-jack number, full of surprises.

Full of "ginger," "pep," and "punch" will be the articles, and the pictures—exquisite half-tones of the leading lights of the stage.

Are you going to continue being a theatrical back number? Will you sit dumb when the conversation turns to the latest play and the newly risen star?

You don't have to attend all the new openings. Just read the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and get all the brightest theatrical news in a nutshell.

WHAT new plays are the managers going to give us?

All the stages and all the stars are busy rehearsing new rôles. You'll want to know what they are, won't you?

Then read the forecast of the new season in the September issue.

THE war has made a great deal of difference in the attitude of the public towards plays.

There is no more room for trifles of life in drama. To hold attention nowadays, the play must deal with some big, vital theme.

Then, too, there is no more room for scoffing at home ties and domestic relations which used to be an ever-fertile field for the dramatist. The war has knit families closer.

Charlotte Wells, who has her finger on the trend of Broadway, writes about this subject interestingly in the next number.

SEPTEMBER marks the hundredth anniversary of the first appearance in America of the elder Wallack, destined to be the foremost figure of his time in the history of the New York stage.

Our next issue will contain a reminiscent article about this distinguished actor. It is replete with anecdotes, and is written by an old favorite with THEATRE MAGAZINE readers—Charles Burnham.

DAVID BELASCO loves Nature. He has seen some of her sunrises and sunsets that are almost as good as his own."

Read this and other witticisms in Harold Seton's amusing contribution to the September issue—"Theatre Thoughts."

EVERY actress you meet talks about "Temperament." The man who beats his wife uses the same word.

Temperament is one of the most misused words in the lexicon of the theatre. It is responsible for late rehearsals, changing of whole scenes to meet stars' requirements, playwrights' gray hair, etc.

Mildred Cram analyses this subtle thing in her usual brilliant way in the coming issue.

THE Jew on the Stage!

Rachel, one of the world's greatest actresses, was a Jewess. So is Bernhardt.

Our local stage includes many favorites—from Bobby North to David Warfield. And then the producers—from Belasco to Ziegfeld.

Ada Patterson has written an interesting article on the Jew on the Stage in the next issue.

REMEMBER, September starts renewed theatrical activity.

Let it be the time for you to subscribe to the liveliest magazine of the stage—and the most beautiful—the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

$3.50 a year.

## IN THIS ISSUE


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| MARION DAVIES | *Cover* | |
| ALMA TELL | *Frontispiece* | |
| THE POOR OLD SHOW BUSINESS | | 68 |
| MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW IN "KEEP HER SMILING"—Full page of scenes | | 69 |
| DO YOU KNOW— | | 70 |
| THE DENISHAWN DANCERS—Full page of pictures | | 71 |
| CLIFTON WEBB—Full-page portrait | | 72 |
| JEAN ROBERTSON—Full-page portrait | | 73 |
| THE CLEVEREST MAN ON BROADWAY | *Ada Patterson* | 74 |
| STAGE PEOPLE WHO HAVE DONE THEIR BIT—Full page of pictures | | 75 |
| THE COWBOY THAT CONQUERED NEW YORK, | *William P. Adams* | 76 |
| SYLVIA DE TELL—Full-page portrait | | 77 |
| NEW MUSIC FOR OLD PLAYS | *Harold Seton* | 78 |
| IN HOLIDAY SEASON | | 79 |
| WHO'LL MOTHER THESE SOLDIER BOYS? | | 82 |
| RICHARD BENNETT—Full-page portrait | | 83 |
| FROM MADAME X TO MUSICAL COMEDY | *Eileen O'Connor* | 84 |
| PRINCIPALS IN "HITCHY-KOO"—Full page of pictures | | 85 |
| WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT | *Louis V. De Foe* | 86 |
| SCENES IN "FRIENDLY ENEMIES" | | 87 |
| HE'S ONLY THE AUTHOR | *Leslie Allen* | 88 |
| BELLES OF MUSICAL COMEDY—Full page of pictures | | 89 |
| THE HOME FOLLOWS THE STAGE | *Zeta Rothschild* | 90 |
| YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN STAGE SETTINGS—Full page of pictures | | 91 |
| THE MOST UNIQUE THEATRE IN THE WORLD, | *Edwin Carty Ranck* | 92 |
| MARTHA HEDMAN—Full-page portrait | | 93 |
| THE COMPLEAT PLAYWRIGHT | *Franklyn Wright* | 94 |
| HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE LAND—Full page of pictures | | 95 |
| "BIFF BANG" CREATES THE STAGE DOOR JANE, | *Vera Bloom* | 96 |
| PRETTY FACES BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS—Full page of pictures | | 97 |
| A WAR MINSTREL | *C. Blythe Sherwood* | 98 |
| THEATRICALS IN THE TRENCHES—Full page of pictures | | 99 |
| NEW ORLEANS' FIRST THEATRE | *Rozel Gotthold* | 100 |
| THE THEATRE REPRESENTED IN GREAT PARADE—Full page of pictures | | 101 |
| FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS | *Anne Archbald* | 102 |
| MOTION PICTURE SECTION | *Edited by Mirilo* | 113 |



LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER
*Publishers*
ARTHUR HORNBLOW
*Editor*

THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, ADD $1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, ADD 85c.


## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

**If you change your address, we must ask that you notify us not later than the tenth of the month, otherwise the next issue will go to your old address and we cannot replace it.**

THE PUBLISHERS.


COPYRIGHT 1918 BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

Lieut. John Philip Sousa and his U.S. Naval Reserve Band

# The world's greatest bands parade before you -on the Victrola

Sousa's Band, Pryor's Band, Conway's Band, Vessella's Band, United States Marine Band, Black Diamonds Band of London, Band of H. M. Coldstream Guards, Garde Républicaine Band of France, Banda de Alabarderos of Madrid, and other celebrated organizations.

Listening to these famous bands on the Victrola, arouses your enthusiasm both for the bands that play such stirring music and the instrument that reproduces it so perfectly.

Now of all times band music is an inspiration to all of us—and the Victrola brings right into the home the thrilling music of the greatest bands in all the world.

There are Victor dealers everywhere, and they will gladly play for you Victor Records by these famous bands, and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$12 to $950.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

**Important Notice.** Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the special processes of manufacture, and their use, one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect reproduction.

**New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month**

**"Victrola"** is the Registered Trade-mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.

# Victrola

Victor
VICTOR
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." It is on all products of the Victor Talking Machine Company.

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

OL. XXVIII. No. 210 AUGUST, 1918

*From a portrait by Sarony*

ALMA TELL

A rising young actress, who is being featured in the leading rôle in "Eyes of Youth" at the Maxine Elliott Theatre

# THE POOR OLD SHOW BUSINESS

IN order to insure so far as possible the bodily welfare of the public, the State only licenses its would-be physicians after they have had a fairly thorough general and special training and after they have passed a more or less rigorous examination.

A man cannot practise dentistry until he has given similar guarantees of his qualification: the general teeth are far too precious to be needlessly risked.

That the people may have some sort of decent representation in our courts of law, we do not admit to the bar without preparation and formalities every unfledged newcomer.

In order to make certain that our young folk shall not be subjected to the baneful influences of inefficient or perverted instruction, we carefully train, examine, license and supervise the teachers in our public schools. Vigilant university trustees always have an eye to their faculties.

The church takes infinite precautions to see that the many flocks are wholesomely fed and not swollen with rank mists.

We do not even allow a man to become a veterinarian without due instruction, for we are very considerate of our horses, cattle, sheep, and swine—not to mention our Pomeranians, our Persians, and our Pekingese.

BUT the stage—

Ah, the stage—that's something else again. You cannot become a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, or a professor by merely hanging out your shingle; but all on earth you need is a little cash or credit and an abundance of nerve, and you may produce plays, write them, act them, or criticize them for the public prints.

What, after all, is the show business that we should classify it as a profession or even as a trade?

It is neither; it is what we call it—a business! (Of this we are frequently reminded by the gentry who have been financially successful in it.) Productions, plays, acting, criticism even, are merely a certain commodity of amusement which is bought and sold, and which is profitable when it is popular.

Does the theatre also preach, teach, instruct, educate, establish standards of taste, crystallize a public sentiment of morals, fix national ideals?

Possibly so; but that is only its by-product. (Thus we are informed.) And the by-product must take care of itself.

We have so much entertainment for sale. Some of it is Grade A; most of it is Grade X.

How much will you give for it? How much more like it shall we manufacture? What chance have we of making some of our inferior, slow-selling stuff stylish and thus disposing of it without loss at least? How can we manage to get our new fall line of fabrics in the showrooms a few weeks ahead of rival dealers? And so on.

THE show business is a business.

Hands off! No government interference. Do what you please with the doctors and the lawyers, but leave us managers in peace. Don't we pay our war-tax—and a big one at that? Don't we turn off our electric signs—with the critics' names and all—every Thursday and Sunday night?

That ends our responsibility.

Find out what the public wants and give it to 'em. We mean, in the line of entertainment.

Educational influences? They mean nothing in our young lives.

Look at Skinnem. Once he was an usher. Now he's a millionaire. Never been to school a day in his life—but he gets the money. He's produced everything—high-brow stuff, too—though he usually lost on that.

Take a slant at Purling. College graduate. Born rich. In the theatre game fifteen years and hasn't piled one copper on another! That shows you what counts.

Business! Business!

"Some guys——" (I might as well let Mr. Mazuma, the celebrated manager, tell it in his own way)—"some guys are natural-born pickers. You may be one and not know it. If you ain't, it's easy to find out.

"Lessee how much you got? Eh? All right, I can get you a house. That J. and B. show at the Chappington 'll fliv inside of six weeks. I give it four, I'll say. I had that show on my desk three months. The minute I picked it up I knew it was a lemon. All I looked at was the cast—not a character under thirty! But Robinstein couldn't keep off it. Take it from me, that poor fish don't know a play when he sees it!

THAT'S the difference. If you're a good picker you win. It's just like the ponies. Take a chance. There ain't no sure thing. Be certain you've got a love story and a wallop in your script; and if you can afford it, hire actors with *names*. Names is what counts. I got a hundred plays there on them shelves I'd produce tomorrow if I could get actors for 'em with *names*."

So it goes. A man enters the show business because as a youth he got a job as a stage-hand, because he is a natural-born gambler and he enjoys the theatrical risks, because he is tired of the wholesale clothing business, because he believes it will give him the *grande entrée* to the human poultry yard—and for kindred high artistic and altruistic motives. And it is most true that all he needs to be is "a good picker."

Of course, there are exceptions—shining ones; but most of them sooner or later give up in digust.

The case of the actor is too often similar.

Probably he is often the victim of circumstances. The standards are low, the status is indeterminate, the requirements are rarely anything beyond a certain mimetic gift. Why bother to add thereto education, culture, refinement, taste? It would be sheer vulgarity to make one's self thus conspicuous!

AS for the critic—what is he?

Usually a cub reporter with a flair for the playhouse who is eager to help out with the reviewing for the sake of occasional passes. In time he is graduated into the department dramatic editor's chair. Or perhaps he has won his M. A. at one of our leading universities with a thesis on "Shakespeare as a Psychiatrist." Or maybe he was an apprentice press agent. Often he is all three!

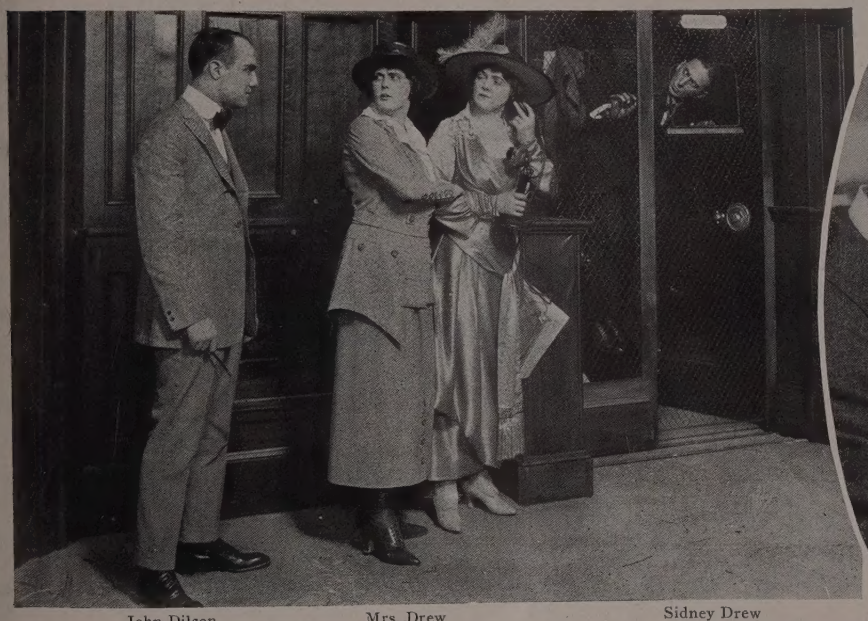
To this gentleman, to whom it is given to mould the opinions of thousands with regard to the drama; to point out the good and the bad, the artistic and the inept, the elevating and the degrading; to guide with his knowledge, wisdom and taste the course of the theatre and thus to antidote in no inconsiderable degree the evils attendant on the circumstances of the show business and its haphazard management—to this gentleman of such momentous responsibilities what reward is given?

Dear reader, if you don't know what your favorite dramatic critic receives for his labors we cannot be so cruel as to shock you with the truth. If you knew, you would better understand how his importance is rated. And you would not wonder at his customary inefficiency.

For the most part, he takes his reward chiefly in reverse-English, self-hatred and such food for it of notoriety as he can trump up.

*Photos White* W. H. Whitecar Mrs. Drew Sidney Drew

Act I. The sight of the real estate agent annoys Henry, who has an overdue payment on his house which he is unable to meet



John Dilson Mrs. Drew Sidney Drew

Act II. Polly—"I hope I shan't have to report you to my husband—your employer." And poor Henry looks wonderingly on from his cashier's cage

Mrs. Drew Sidney Drew

Act III. Henry—"You're going to have a mansion on the terrace. The consolidation has gone through, I'm in the directorate and my salary has been tripled"

RICHARD WALTON TULLY'S latest production, "Keep Her Smiling," scheduled for presentation in New York in August, will mark the return to the speaking stage of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who have won an enviable renown by their wholesome, merry screen presentations. "Keep Her Smiling" is just such a piquant domestic comedy as the Drews have long been identified with, and breathes the unusual message that a wife's extravagance, instead of embroiling her husband in ruin, may just as well spur him on to permanent and undreamed of success. The play was written by John Hunter Booth, author of "The Masquerader," and besides the Drews, enlists the services of more than twenty actors

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew

Henry—"Polly, when you smile at me like that, we can afford anything"

## MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW ON THE LEGITIMATE STAGE IN "KEEP HER SMILING"

Just why the Socialists have never made more of the downtrodden critic whom unjust economic conditions force into a life of shame, is beyond our comprehension. And as for our up-to-date nose-for-news playwrights, surely in the critics' status lies material for another "Within the Law."

There is no systematic regulation of the theatre.

It is an incalculably potent factor for good or ill, and yet it is most often left without intelligent direction.

Its possibilities for propaganda are unlimited; yet the police commissioner—once or twice a season—is its only censor, and he merely acts to curb it—usually in a single respect.

It furnishes amusement, of course; and people—sometimes—pay for that commodity.

But its inestimable by-product of mental and moral influence is the concern of nobody—of importance. What doctrines it spreads, what poisons it instils, what stupidity it inculcates, what good or evil it does to popular discrimination, tastes, ideals—all this is rarely if ever officially considered. Yet more people go to sleep daily in schools, college classrooms, courts of law, and churches than in even the dullest of our playhouses.

Our bitter experience of the past has taught us something of the power of modern applied psychology—to realize that when it is employed for purposes of evil, it is as effective as high-explosives or poison gas.

Does not the state of the theatre indicate the necessity for some degree of public self-protection?

There are no bombproofs or gas masks in the majority of our playhouses. We must take what comes our way—often from a pestilent source.

Why not correct the evil by elevating the theatre to the rank of a profession?

We see no reason why a man who purposes to produce plays, act in them, or criticise them should not be a trained expert with a broad background—as well as your doctor or your teacher. The need for safeguards is at least equally great.

When they have been established wisely and well, we are sure that each theatrical season that passes will not seem—as now—more provocative of pessimism than even its immediate predecessor.

Who knows—possibly the drama may blossom forth into a real art and desert forever its present condition of tawdy *camouflage*.

# DO YOU KNOW—

That Maude Adams made her first appearance on the stage at the age of nine months in a piece called "The Lost Child," and later, as a little girl, made a hit in a play called "Fritz," with the late J. K. Emmett?

That Charles B. Dillingham, the theatrical manager, was formerly dramatic editor of the *New York Evening Sun?*

That Leo Ditrichstein is a grandson of Joseph Von Etooes, a famous Austrian novelist, and that his first appearance on the stage was in Berlin?

That Virginia Harned was born in Boston in 1872, and her husband, William Courtenay, was also born in Massachusetts, in Worcester, in 1875?

That Henry E. Dixey created leading rôles in the American productions of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas "Pinafore" and "Iolanthe," beginning his memorable engagement in "Adonis" in 1884?

That William Courtleigh was originally intended for the law, and for some time studied in preparation for that profession, making his stage début in 1889, in a play called "Brother and Sister."

That May Robson was born in Australia, the daughter of a British naval officer, making her first appearance on the stage in Brooklyn, in 1884, in "The Hoop of Gold"?

That Florence Roberts is a cousin of Theodore Roberts, and for many years played leading parts in the San Francisco Stock Company of her late husband, Lewis Morrison?

That Kathryn Kidder was born in Newark, New Jersey, and is a daughter of the late Colonel H. M. Kidder, making her stage début in 1885, in Chicago, in "The Streets of London," with the late Frank Mayo, with whom she remained for many years?

That James K. Hackett studied for the bar in the New York Law School, after graduating from the College of the City of New York, making his first appearance on the stage in 1892, in New York, in "A Stag at Bay"?

That Elsie de Wolfe, after being well-known in fashionable New York society, as an amateur, having appeared with Cora Urquhart Potter and Elita Proctor Otis, made her professional début in 1891, in "Thermidor"?

That H. Cooper Cliffe, who appeared last season in the heavy part of the General in the British melodrama, "Seven Days Leave," began his stage career in 1879, touring the English provinces in D'Oyly Carte's company, the repertoire including "Pinafore" and other comic operas?

That William A. Brady, the theatrical manager, was formerly an actor, first appearing on the stage in 1882, in "The White Slave," subsequently touring in "After Dark," "The Cotton King," "Humanity" and "Old Glory"?

That Katharine Kaelred's early successes were in Australia, where she went from England and, co-starring with Julius Knight, under the management of J. C. Williamson, remaining in the Antipodes from 1906 till 1908, coming to America to appear in "The Devil"?

That Adele Ritchie was the daughter of J. B. Pultz, of Philadelphia, and first attracted the attention of theatregoers in 1893, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in "The Isle of Champagne"?

That Bertha Kalich was born in Lemberg, Galicia, and in 1890, made her début in a comic opera company, gaining popularity by her singing at the Bucharest National Theatre in 1891?

That Blanche Ring appeared during her early days on the stage in support of James A. Herne, Nat C. Goodwin, and Chauncey Olcott, making her first big hit in 1902, in "The Defender"?

That Mrs. Thomas Whiffin was born in London, in 1845, the daughter of Mary Galton, a singing teacher, and made her stage début in 1865, at the Royalty Theatre, later appearing with her aunt, Louisa Pyne, of the famous Pyne-Harrison company?

That Charles Richman, now in the movies, first trod the boards at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in 1894, in support of Mrs. James A. Herne, in a piece called "Margaret Fleming"?

That Henry Miller was born in London, in 1860, and started his theatrical career in Toronto, in "Amy Robsart," later acting in New York, in 1880, with Adelaide Neilson, in "Cymbeline"?

That May Irwin was born at Whitby, Ontario, in 1862, first singing in public in 1875, at Rochester, New York, later appearing at Tony Pastor's Theatre, New York City, in 1877, remaining under that management until 1883?

That Grace George's first parts were in farce-comedies, such as "Charley's Aunt," "The Turtle" and "Mollie Fiſi," her first success in a more serious rôle being in 1900, in "Her Majesty"?

That Henry Arthur Jones, the famous English playwright, was for some years a commercial traveler, commencing writing plays in 1878, at the age of twenty-seven, one of his earliest successes being a piece called "Hearts of Oak"?

That the late Joseph Jefferson made his first appearance on the stage as a darkey? This was in Washington in 1832 when he danced "Jim Crow" together with that celebrated knight of the cork, J. D. Rice.

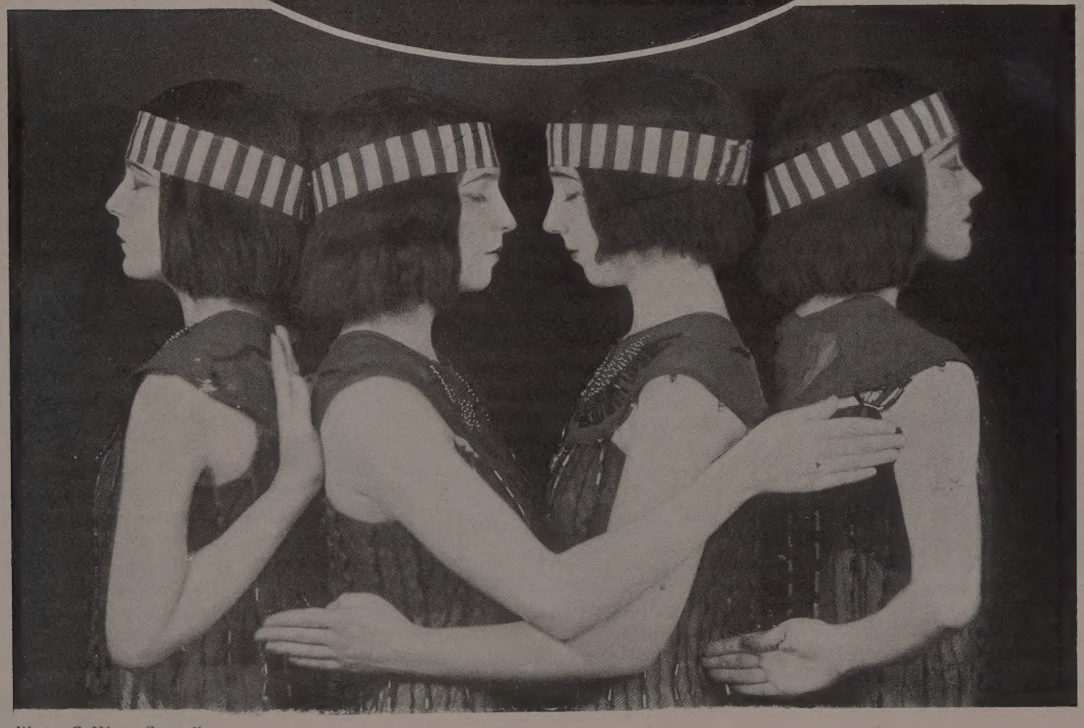
That Alice Kauser, the now successful play broker, began her theatrical career as stenographer to Elizabeth Marbury?

That Daniel Frohman, the well-known manager, began life as Horace Greeley's office boy in the old days of the New York *Tribune?*

That Chicago's first theatre was opened in the year 1837? The banquet hall of the historic Sauganash Hotel—a rough tavern which stood at some distance out on the prairie, solitary and alone, had been fitted up with stage and seats and there the Isherwood and McKenzie company acted with Lake Michigan roaring on one side and the ferocious prairie wolves on the other?

That Martha Morton, the well-known American playwright, has been virtually a prisoner in Europe for four years? Caught in Switzerland at the outbreak of the war, she tried to get home but too late.

That Kotzebue, the German dramatist, wrote over two hundred plays, many of which were great favorites with American theatregoers a hundred years ago?



*Photos © Hixon-Connelly*

At Denishawn, their dance villa in California, Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and their pupils pay homage to Terpsichore. A university of the dance and its related arts, the school includes every phase of dancing—the aesthetic, Egyptian, Greek and ryhthmic. The pictures show some of the pupils in two entirely different kinds of dances

# THE DENISHAWN DANCERS

*From a portrait © by Hixon-Connelly*

CLIFTON WEBB

Whose name on a theatre programme always indicates that there is some lively dancing in store for the audience. And those out front are particularly appreciative of Mr. Webb's nimble steps and pleasing personality, for he is one of Broadway's most popular young actors. His dancing is one of the pleasant memories of "Love o' Mike"

*From a portrait © by Hixon-Connelly*

JEAN ROBERTSON

A successful young Australian actress. She came to New York last year, but received no encouragement from Broadway managers, until Morris Gest recognized her ability. He engaged her to become understudy for the leading rôle in "The Wanderer." Now she is playing the seductive Tisha with such success on tour that in all probability Broadway will soon be able to judge her merits

# THE CLEVEREST MAN ON BROADWAY

*Leon Errol, the red nose comic, a classic of inebriety*

*By* ADA PATTERSON

HE calls himself "The Red Nose Comic." Discriminating others entitle him "The Cleverest Man on Broadway."

He is unique among actors. Who that reads this, or refrains therefrom, knows a mime who does not beg for a good speech as a dog for a bone? Some thespians, stellar in their positions in the high theatrical heavens, have bodily torn a rich and telling line from its owner. Ensued blows, oral and corporeal "two week notices", cries of "You're fired," resignations on paper bespattered with indignant ink. But if Leon Errol's star says urgently "Gimme that line, Leon. Come on" the subject of this sketch makes answer unprecedented on the stage.

"All right" he answers and fearing redundancy, because the request is so often made during rehearsals and in the first weeks of the play, likewise because his desire is not to seem curt, he varies it with "Certainly". In this Mr. Errol is generous, but not as generous as he seems. For a "line" to him is merely a few words about which he cares nothing. "All I want is business, a chance to do something" is his playing creed. Wherefore, he permits himself freely to be plucked featherless of speeches. Sincerity rings in his voice and flashes from his eye while he delivers his own impromptu line that no one else wants: "I wouldn't care if I never had another speech to speak on the stage."

Given a face of mirror-like reflections, a body of rubber-like suppleness, and legs that writhe and curve and execute spirals, and the figure eight and the number ten, of what need is speech?

WHEN his age was measured by two years the pliant Mr. Errol was flung by his father into an overflowing bath tub and commanded to swim. At fifteen he thought a part in Paul Martinetti's company and learned from the great pantomimist the art of silent speech. These facts are closely related. They constitute the foundation of the career of the producer of "Hitchy Koo, 1918" and one of the chief illuminants of the "Ziegfeld Follies" for five years, the man who, as aforesaid, has been dubbed "The Cleverest Man on Broadway."

Yet if he were to pause mid-career, he is thirty-seven and if you view him from the northwest you will descry a line of thinning hair, he would be remembered farthest and longest for his scenes of intoxication. Stage scenes, I am in haste to amend. It was after several seasons of them that he catalogued himself as "The Red Nose Comic." Season after season a Folly was not a Folly without one of the Errol headaching sprees.

"I did not expect it would ever be a pleasure to meet a notorious drunkard," I said in tone of reproof. The little man small as a jockey, turned brown eyes with will-o'-the-wisp lights in them, upon me.

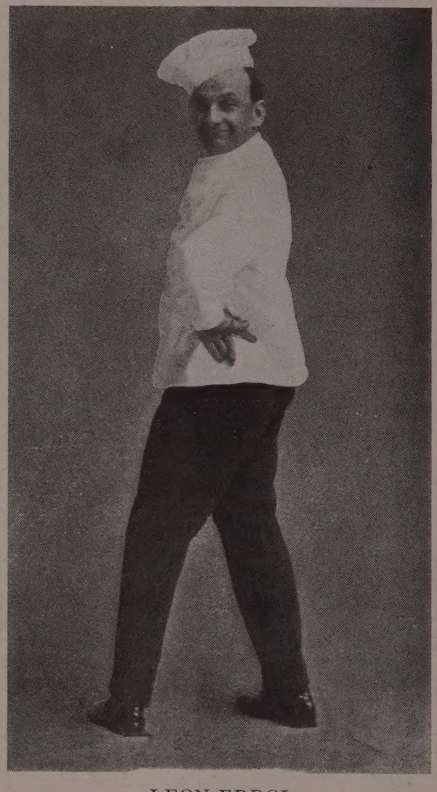
"You have the same tastes as mine," he countered. "I never see a drunken man without wanting to follow him."

"You do follow him?"

"For blocks. I'm always learning something new about intoxication. Do you know there are almost as many kinds of drunkards as there are drinks? There's the laughing drunkard and the crying one, the argumentative one, the fighting one, the mean one."

"Excuse me, Mr. Errol, it's fifteen minutes." A head was thrust in at the door of the little back stage office and withdrawn.

Leon Errol nodded and twisted his rubber legs in a curious knot about the corner of the desk on which he had perched for our chat-a-wing. He had hurled adjectives at the head of the absent minion who had forgotten to tell him the time of our back stage meeting.



LEON ERROL
As the chef in "Hitchy-Koo"

"I see that you are intoxicated every night."

"And two matinees," he cheerfully amended.

"You are showing us why some dishes come upstairs fearfully and wonderfully miscooked."

"Yes, you are taken behind the scenes of the kitchen. The skeleton of your feast is shaken. But haven't I proven what I said, that there are different kinds of drunkards? The cook in 'Hitchy Koo' is different than the gentlemanly jag in the 'Follies of 1913' and both differ from the inebriate in the cab in the 'Follies of 1914'."

THAT spree in which the society girls mistook you for a tango teacher and imitated you was a classic of inebriety. Theatregoers will talk of it as long as they have talked of Maude Adams' tipsy scene in 'A Masked Ball'."

"A great deal of the fun of that scene was in the strained, anxious faces of the pupils. They knew that they had to do everything I did, stagger when I staggered, roll on the floor when I rolled, sit down when I sat down and flop when I flopped. I had rehearsed each girl separately, for hours. They were letter perfect, foot perfect. But after they had thoroughly learned the dance and I had numbered the changes in the steps, I warned them that I wouldn't follow that order. Every night I would vary the dance. No. 9 might come on Thursday night where No. 7 had been on Tuesday. That is the reason they were so painfully intent on every step I took."

"How do you get your stage effects?"

The producer, inventor of dances, playwright, composer, comedian, what not, made answer in one sentence: "By seeing it first in my mind, in color, then visualizing my plan to the last detail." He might have gone a bit further but I doubt it. It is strangely difficult for great folk to tell how they do their work. But an insistent head again appeared at the door. Anxious eyes besought him. The call boy's voice pleaded "Overture, Mr. Errol."

With seeming reluctance the rubber legs in the creased gray trousers untwisted themselves from the desk corner.

"I've always been glad Dad made me learn to swim. It gives one grit. When I was three and a half I won a prize in a swimming contest with men as old as I am now. That gave me confidence. And—yes, I'm coming—I've often been glad that I was with Martinetti long enough to learn pantomime. If you can swim and if you know pantomime you can make a dash at almost anything on the stage. At a pinch I played the nurse of a repertoire Juliet."

He was gone in answer to frenzied cries of "Errol, 'Where's Errol?'"

THERE had not been time for Mr. Errol to tell me the "That's cute for me" story. It's an oft-told tale on the Bias Street. Diagonal Highway recalls the comedian's successive steps and falls. A step was into the circus. A fall was from the back of a beribboned, careening horse, which nearly ended Master Errol's career as a clown and nearly closing his engagement in the serio-comedy, Life. A step was his joining the Sydney Stock Company, which George Ringold came from England to direct at Her Majesty's Theatre. Followed Shakespearean repertoire and "The Black Crook," "Ali Baba," "Lights of London," "The Geisha," "East Lynn," "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Confusion." A fall his friends deemed it when he left his native and appreciative Australia for San Francisco. The City of the Golden Gate laughed at his eccentric dances, admired his eloquent legs, but frowned at his unintelligible cockney accent.

Then Chicago. Unrest. Ambition that would not sleep, pointing to the Metropolis.

Chance came to write some dialogue in a one-act farce. Greater chance came to sell two musical farces, and produce them. He was proud to receive $1,500 for the work. While he was rehearsing these, A. L. Erlanger wandered into the dim theatre and disposed himself in the dusk of a rear chair. When the rehearsal was over he asked: "What contract have you with that man?" The terms did not dismay the magnate.

"I'll give you $15,000 for the contract," he said. Thus the début with the Follies.

© Hixon-Connelly

ROBERT EDESON

A new picture of this forceful actor who was one of the speakers for the recent Liberty Loan Drive

IRENE BLACKWELL

During the Red Cross Drive, Miss Blackwell was one of the stage women who donated her services, dressed in the special costume designed for the occasion

© American Press Assn.

Margaret Crawford and her company of dancers who were a feature of the fête for the Red Cross held at the estate of Mr. and Mrs. George Arents, Jr., at Rye, N. Y.

## STAGE PEOPLE WHO HAVE DONE THEIR BIT

# THE COWBOY THAT CONQUERED NEW YORK

*Will Rogers, the man who lassoed the hearts of Broadway audiences*

*By* WILLIAM P. ADAMS

"Me and the Missus and the kids"

WILL ROGERS is the man who lassoed and hobbled Broadway. A tanned cowboy from Oklahoma has done what thousands of pale students, and bright-eyed beauties have failed to do. He has captured the most captious street in the world. He has conquered Broadway.

Souls have been lost while their owners tried to attain what the cowboy has done with a quip, a grin and the twist of a deft wrist. New York is the Mecca of the actor. He turns the face of his ambition toward it as the Mahometan lifts his visage toward the site of the sacred city. A New York success is the height of thespian achievement.

Once he panted for London's past approval, as a dessert of the banquet of a "New York hit." But that time is no more. The war has lessened opportunities and desire for appearances on the London stage. Moreover, figures impress. New York has become the largest city in the world. Wherefore, the conquest of its street of amusement is the pinnacle of the professional entertainer's achievements.

Is the lean, brown-faced man with the shrewd glance and the nimble tongue grateful to the thespian gods for his victory? Not particularly. Is he awed by the heights he has attained? No. Are his prairie-filled eyes dazzled by the white lights? They can see as far and as clearly as when they stared across the plains seeking a nomad yearling. Do the gauds and the glitter of the shining street claim him? You wouldn't think so if you saw him after the curtain falls on the Ziegfeld Follies, "streaking" for the Long Island station to catch the train for his home at Amityville.

You are surprised? So was I. The Great White Way has dizzied multimillionaires and turned the heads of grave United States senators on their pivots. Why has this simple man of the plains contrived to keep his head on straight and retain his clarity of vision?

Two reasons rival each other. One-eighth of Mr. Rogers is Indian. A Cherokee Indian chief was his grandfather. Indians are stoics. None of their race has been bewitched by the siren of streets. Another reason, not necessarily of heredity, is that Will Rogers has the rare gift of enormous common sense. That quality which is simply the power of seeing things in proportion has been his since birth. He sees far and clear. He perceives that the number of essentials is small and the number of non-essentials great. He cancels the non-essentials.

For these, and a third, perhaps greatest reason, the man from Tulsa, Oklahoma, who has never worn evening clothes in his life and never will, except on the stage, keeps his pulses even and his head cool on the world's most hectic highway, for he is the head of a fast growing family in a small Long Island town. The family is four, the girl who "came visiting from Arkansas" to Tulsa, Oklahoma, ten years ago and inspired the cowboy with an instant wish to lasso her for life, and their three babes. By the time this reaches your eye the number may be five. He told me so with pride and joy in the eyes that laugh at and with New York audiences.

"You have seen great contrasts in life," I said to him who has ranged four continents, who knows Buenos Ayres and the pampas, Africa and the Transvaal, Tulsa and London and New York. "Will you tell me of the two extremes?"

"The roughest life I have seen was in Argentina," he answered with the tongue that never trips. "I wanted to wander and I sailed for Buenos Ayres. I hired out for ranch work. The agent for the ranch owners sent me into the middle of the big country. I herded with gauchos who couldn't speak a word of English. We were even for I couldn't speak a word of Spanish. Ever see a gaucho? He's the roughest looking customer in the world. He carries his knife down the back of his shirt. He's very impulsive about using it. The gauchos didn't take to me none at first. They're mighty suspicious and awful exclusive. They're great lariat throwers. When one threw a lariat across my horse's back and landed a steer on the other side I got down and took off my hat and hung my head. After that we were friends—kinda."

"And the other extreme?" I pressed. It would be the diamond studded, velvet clad, millionaire-possessed horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House on a Friday night. Of course! Assuredly! Had not a young officer, homing from the Philippines gone straight to it the evening of his arrival, and said sighingly, "Here one sniffs the orchid of life, the finest flower of civilization?" I told the cowboy the story. He sniffed. Not the orchid, but contempt.

"Diamonds and the big wads that buy them don't mean much to me. I'll give you a picture of the highest civilization I have ever seen or want to see. There ain't any higher. That was when the Friars went to Baltimore. They took the Academy of Music there. President Wilson came over. It is no great shakes for the President to go to the theatre in Washington. He's expected to go and he does. But no President had gone to Baltimore to the theatre for fifty years. All of the finest people of Baltimore and the country around came. The Southern women, —you know how beautiful they are,—were there in their best. In the box was the greatest man on earth. He's the greatest of Nature's princes. And he's got a great sense of humor. The audience didn't look at any of us when we were on the stage. They all looked at him. When I came on and had been working for five minutes and hadn't got an eye I said: 'Why don't you look at me some?' That made the President laugh. He got all the points quicker than anybody else in the house did. I sprung the speech, 'It's easier to tell how to run the government than to run it.' He raised his hands and clapped and clapped and laughed and laughed. That hit him where he lives. Yes, when I go back to the old ranch at Tulsa and tell the Indians and half-breeds and whites about my doings out in the world I'll tell 'em that was the finest night of

Will Rogers doing a lariat stunt—his three kiddies in the rope

*From a portrait by Kochne*

## SYLVIA DE TELL

A Chicago girl of French-Swiss parentage, who, it is predicted, will rival Pavlowa. Probably the youngest première danseuse in opera, she is not yet sixteen years old. The Illinois law prevents her dancing in public until November eighteenth of this year. That also happens to be the opening date of the season of the Chicago Opera Company at the Chicago Auditorium, where she will have a début and a birthday at the same time

my life, among the finest people in the world."

His undisputed reign of the troubled Broadway realm has given rise to no need to deflate Will Rogers' cranium. He tells no glowing stories of the day he was "discovered." "It came as most things do, by accident," he declares with conviction. "I was doing a lariat stunt in a vaudeville house. It was getting past. But no more. The manager said, 'The trouble is they don't understand a lariat. You go out front and explain it to them. That will make the act go better.' I went limping along the footlights and told them a few things about how the rope is thrown and what happens to the steer it throws. Then I loped off. The audience howled. I got sore. I was goin' to stop the act. The manager said: 'Whatever it is they are laughing at they like it. You go on.' After that I made a little speech about rope throwin'. Bye and bye I tumbled to it that they liked the speech as well as the lassoing. The managers told me to spin it out. It didn't take long to tell how to throw a rope, so I began readin' the newspapers close to get stuff to talk about. That's all."

No one doubts the conversational powers of dollars. Surely their voice was loud in Will Rogers' ears. I would test him.

"Of course," most casually, "one of the greatest contrasts between the free life of the plains and the imprisoned life of Broadway is one of money."

Will Rogers' gray optics twinkled at me. "Not at all," he answered. "Not on your life. If I had stayed on the ranch in Oklahoma I'd have been richer than I am to-day."

Echoes of Will Rogers' huge honorarium nearly deafened me. Feebly I dissented. "That's a Will Rogers' joke."

"No it ain't. Dad is comfortably off anywhere, wealthy in that section. If I'd staid at home and helped him take care of the place and managed the herd I'd have had a bigger bank balance than I have. Honest!"

Not only a free, but an untutored man of the plains, is the cowboy conqueror of Broadway. "People think I'm an educated man that is simply actin' like a broncho buster," he laughs. "Why I was in the fifth reader for three years. Never got out of it. When I got to compound fractions I quit school. Them's what druv me to South America. I was afeared of the gauchos but I wasn't afeared of 'em as I was of them mixed up fractions."

He is going back. Not this season, nor next, nor perhaps the season after. But he's going back to Tulsa to stay. He will take the girl that "came visiting from Arkansas" and the four, or more, babies. He will ride mustangs at a gallop across miles of rolling prairies, knee high in rich grass. He will rope cows and their natural companions with all the flourishes he now uses for entertainment.

"For," says the cowboy king of common sense, "I watch things and folks on this lane. I hear the boys spittin' cuss words when things don't go right. They can't see that the folks out front are gettin' restless an' want a change. I'll know. The first year that things begin to break wrong I'll pull up Broadway stakes. Me and the Missus and the kids will go back to Tulsa. And Broadway will be a big yarn we'll spin to the neighbors that ride over thirty or forty miles for Sunday dinner wth us.

"I'll never come back, except once in five years to show the town to my girl and the kids.

"Critics can be too smart," Will Rogers says with a grin. "For instance when this one of the 'Follies' opened they said that the scene that was Harry Fisher and me with a mule rigged up as an automobile was a substitute for Bert Williams. 'Twant nothing of the kind. Mr. Williams was in the show the opening night at Atlantic City and left it, because he didn't have enough material. I thought that act out a year ago and tried it on Fred Stone. Fred thought it was funny. But nobody except a critic with a headache ever thought I was there to take Bert Williams' place. It can't be done."

Crude ranchman though he be, Will Rogers' satire has been borrowed to adorn the editorial page of a New York newspaper. In bold faced type and duly accredited appeared his flash: "I think England ought to give Ireland home rule and reserve the motion picture rights."

Beside this belonged the other Rogerism: "I guess the Russians will be mixin' in the war again before long. They're doin' enough rehearsin' among theirselves."

# NEW MUSIC FOR OLD PLAYS

*An exposition of the latest fad*

*By* HAROLD SETON

SOME years ago it became the fashion to adapt dramatic productions for operatic performance. Thus Puccini and Giordano utilized Sardou's "La Tosca" and "Madame Sans-Gêne," and Puccini also utilized Belasco's "Madame Butterfly," and "Girl of the Golden West." Richard Strauss's musical setting of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" created a sensation.

So far so good. But this was not far enough for the American theatrical managers. America is the home of labor-saving devices, so a system was conceived and elaborated for the rapid production of musical comedies, simply by taking a play that had already succeeded, and setting it to music. Thus no time or energy need be wasted on devising new plots or situations, the only problem being the finding of more or less suitable melodies. If none that were appropriate could be obtained, any available ditty might be interpolated.

When the play "Over Night" became the musical comedy, "Very Good, Eddie," a precedent was established. A second, a third, and a fourth play was harmonized, and each and every one made a hit—for the second time. The season of 1916-1917 saw the experiment attempted and repeated, and the season of 1917-18 saw the astonishing results. One old play after another was dug up and dragged forth, and such forgotton favorites as "The College Widow," "The Aviator," and "Excuse Me" found new admirers, as well as old ones.

Nowadays Philip Bartholomae, Rupert Hughes and Margaret Mayo, and the Lord knows how many more, are performing the miracles of raising the dead, for their old successes have been resurrected, and seem as lively as ever, if not more so.

This curious situation naturally causes one to speculate as to just what will be the final outcome. The possibilities are limitless. But musical comedy librettists will become extinct. When there is no demand, there is no supply. For my own part, I would like to offer some suggestions to theatrical managers and the stars whom they control.

For instance, that old stand-by, "The Two Orphans," could easily be adapted to the singing and dancing requirements of the Dolly Sisters, and the long-popular Frank Daniels would be provided with a suitable vehicle in harmonized "Rip Van Winkle." Lillian Russell would be a radiant Nora in a tuneful "Doll's House," and George M. Cohan would be a patriotic Yankee in a syncopated "Secret Service."

"Lady Windermere's Fan" would present a brilliant setting for Julia Sanderson, and two Pinero pieces, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," could be utilized by such comic-opera stars as Fritzi Scheff and Lina Abarbanell. Raymond Hitchcock would make a droll Svengali in a tinkling "Trilby," and DeWolf Hopper could interpolate "Casey at the Bat" in a jazz-band, "Shore Acres."

Richard Carle, as von Barwig, in "The Music Master," could have a topical song with the catch-word refrain, "If you don't want her, I want her!" Elsie Janis, in "Hedda Gabler," could give imitations of Mrs. Fiske and Nazimova, and Frances White would be a delightful "Little Lord Fauntelroy."

"The Heart of Maryland," with its "curfew shall not ring to-night" episode, would provide a comic background for Marie Dressler, and Weber and Fields could display their talents in a German-dialect "Corsican Brothers." Mr. Julian Eltinge would have an excuse for female impersonation in "A Woman of No Importance."

Al Jolson, still in black-face make-up, would be a joy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with rag-time coon songs to his heart's content, and Nora Bayes in "East Lynne," could produce effective results. Jack Norworth could use "The Old Homestead," and Maurice and Florence Walton would be superb in "Man and Superman."

Harry Fox would have a golden opportunity in "The Silver King," and Anna Held could roll her eyes in "A Parisian Romance." Eva Tanguay would be a cyclonic "Zaza," even beating Mrs. Carter at her own game, and Paul Swan, "the most beautiful man in the world," would be well-suited in "Beau Brummel." Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foys would attract attention in "The Importance of Being Earnest."

These observations are, of course, merely suggestions on my part. I am already engaged on musical comedy settings of "The Garden of Allah" for Gertrude Hoffman, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for Harry Houdini, and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" for Bert Williams. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., wants me to make a version of "As You Like It," to be incorporated in his next edition of "The Follies."

# PLAYERS IN HOLIDAY LAND

FRANCES STARR
Resting at her camp at Lake George prior to the opening of her new play, "Over the Hills"

Gladys Hanson spends her summer on her father's estate at Atlanta, Ga., which is famous for its flowers

Here is Eugene Walter, the playwright, camping in Wisconsin, where no doubt he gets inspiration for his plays

*White*

Henry Miller, the actor-manager, at Sky Meadows Farm, his country place at Stamford, Conn.

*White*

CHANNING POLLOCK

"The Perfect Lady," Mr. Pollock's yacht, named after his successful play, illustrates the rewards of playwriting. It is fifty feet long, has two cabins, and sleeping accomodations for eight people

Far from Broadway—Charlotte Walker in the briny deep down in Galveston, Texas

GUY BATES POST

Out for an early morning row on the lake near his home summer home at Winsted, Conn.

## AS MUCH AT HOME IN THE WATER AS ON THE STAGE

© Press Ill

JOHN McCORMACK AND HIS FAMILY

Enjoying the beauties of Nature after a particularly busy season for the Irish tenor

Charlotte Fairchild

LINA CAVALIERI AND LUCIEN MURATORE

This is not an operatic scene, but Mme. Cavalieri and her husband, whose picturesque personalities give a classic touch to the bucolic background

© Hartsook

THE LOU TELLEGENS

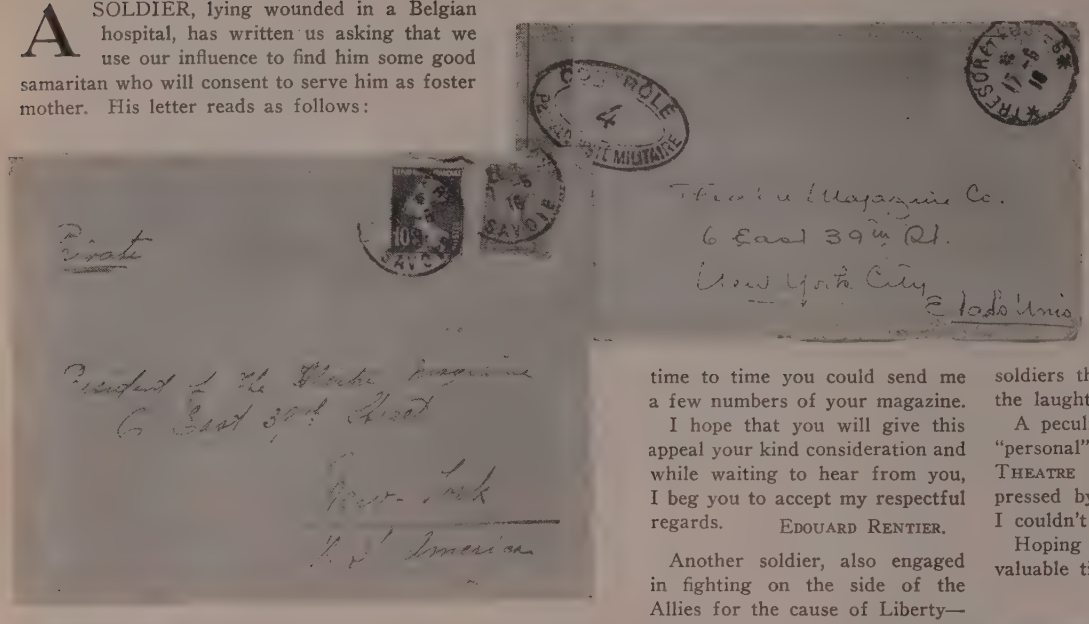
Notwithstanding her operatic, movie and other activities, Geraldine Farrar still finds time for the joys of country life and finds a willing partner in Lou Tellegen

MUSIC HATH CHARMS — NATURE HAS TOO

# WHO'LL MOTHER THESE SOLDIER BOYS?

*After our soldiers have gone through the horrors of No Man's Land they naturally turn to the softer side of life for relaxation. What most of them miss is the feminine influence. This difficulty has been overcome in a measure by kind, sympathetic women taking the trouble to correspond with soldiers of every nationality all over the world. To some soldiers the actress represents an ideal—an ideal of beauty and charm. Is it surprising that, far away from theatrical life, his thoughts turn now and again to the beauties of the stage?*

A SOLDIER, lying wounded in a Belgian hospital, has written us asking that we use our influence to find him some good samaritan who will consent to serve him as foster mother. His letter reads as follows:



Hôpital Militaire Belge,
Chambèry (Savoie), France.
Le 5 Mai, 1918.

*Monsieur le Président:*

Je prends l'audace de vous écrire ces quelques mots pour vous demander si vous ne pourrez pas intervenir auprès de Miss Kitty Gordon, une actrice, pour être ma marraine, vous verrez dans le folio 172 de Mars, 1918, du THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Je suis soldat Belge, en traitement dans un hôpital du Midi, pour une maladie de la colonne vertébrale, atteint par une balle Allemande, dont je vais un peu mieux, et si jamais cette personne n'accepterait pas, j'espère que vous pouriez m'en trouver une pour me faire oublier certaines souffrances de cette guerre. et vous me feriez grand plaisir en m'envoyant de tant à autre quelques magazines.

J'espère que vous prêterez une oreille attentive à ma demande, et dans l'attente de vous lire, recevez. Monsieur le Président, mes sentiments respectueux.

EDOUARD RENTIER.

(Translation)

Belgian Military Hospital,
Chambèry, France.

*Mr. President:*

I venture to write you a few lines to request you to kindly ask Miss Kitty Gordon, the actress, if she will be a foster mother to me. I saw a photograph of her on page 172 of the March, 1918, issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

I am a Belgian soldier now under treatment, in a hospital in the South of France, for spinal trouble, due to a German bullet, and from which I am slowly recovering. If Miss Gordon is unable to grant my request, I trust you will be able to find me someone else, to enable me to forget the sufferings I have endured in this war, and you would also afford me great pleasure if from time to time you could send me a few numbers of your magazine.

I hope that you will give this appeal your kind consideration and while waiting to hear from you, I beg you to accept my respectful regards. EDOUARD RENTIER.

Another soldier, also engaged in fighting on the side of the Allies for the cause of Liberty—one of our boys with the American Expeditionary Forces—finds all the recreation he needs when off duty in the beautiful and interesting pages of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. He writes:

At the Front in France,
May 14, 1918.

Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

*Dear Sir,*

I am aware that you are an extraordinarily busy man, and a letter from a stranger may seem waste of precious time. But, having had sincere emotions of gratitude many times (especially since leaving America, nearly a year ago) aroused by the THEATRE MAGAZINE, I feel I must tell you. I have read the THEATRE since I was a kid in grammar school, and I kept on through college, and the four years since. I have done the same with other magazines, one other theatrical periodical in particular. The point is, I enjoy each number of the THEATRE better than the last. It is not so with the other periodical. In fact, if I didn't want to learn what my friends were doing in the business, I wouldn't care if I ever saw it again. But a new life has been gradually growing in the THEATRE, till now it is a thing to be pointed to with pride: "Yes, that can come out of America!"

You've got ideals, and they're good ones. Art is not just a thing to be scorned as "high-brow"; the theatre is not merely a place where only the senses must be "amused"—oh, well, I can't get exclamatory and rhetorical, but, at any rate, it does one good to know that the theatre is cherished and loved by those who know a great deal more about it than I do. In other words, I'm sure your magazine is doing more for the good of the American stage than any one thing.

Life, life, life! If the managers think the returned soldiers aren't going to be a different audience than they were before being forced into realities, they're greatly mistaken. And I might say, that I hope they'll be careful when they present men in agony of any sort; the soul has got to show, or the poor actor's done for.

I have been connected with the French army; and the entertainments that the regiments themselves get up are really marvellous. Technique is often woefully lacking, but the real stuff isn't. And you should hear a *poilu* audience laugh! I heard a theatre at the front deafened by the roar one evening, and three nights later that same bunch of men was stopping the perfect waves of soldiers the Germans sent over. Do you think the laughter helped?

A peculiar personal letter to a busy man, but "personal" is one of the elements I like in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and I have been so impressed by the unusual spirit pervading it that I couldn't resist letting you know.

Hoping you will excuse my taking up your valuable time, I am,

Your admirer,
"AN EX-ACTOR."

*Fairchild* KITTY GORDON
Selected by a wounded Belgium soldier as the ideal foster mother

*From a portrait © Hixon-Connelly*

RICHARD BENNETT

This popular actor who contributed a capital characterization to "The Very Idea" last season will be seen in a new play shortly

# FROM MME. X TO MUSICAL COMEDY

*Dorothy Donnelly, the former weeping heroine of drama now deals in nothing but smiles*

*By* EILEEN O'CONNOR

EIGHT years ago Dorothy Donnelly was weeping real tears and rending the hearts of audiences in the name rôle of Bisson's drama "Madame X." For two years she has been the co-parent of a farce and two musical comedies that have paid long visits to Broadway. The latest of her outputs is the vehicle for the funmakers, Clifton Crawford and Harry Conor. In a word, Dorothy Donnelly has repented. Her repentance for causing audiences to weep she is expressing by furnishing them with cause for laughter.

It's a long way from "Madame X" to "Fancy Free." Not downward, nor upward, but, to Miss Donnelly's mind, straight ahead. She summons in proof of this, her recollection of a letter which an old and distinguished actress wrote her while she was playing "Madame X." "You are magnificent, my dear. You wrung our hearts. But don't let her wretchedness possess you. Laugh, dear heart. Laugh."

"As though you ever did anything else," said Louise Closser Hale, author and Miss Donnelly's best friend.

The first year as Madame X she contrived to laugh a great deal. To subdue her ebullient spirits she locked her dressing room door at the New Amsterdam Theatre, muffled the dressing room telephone, and deliberately plunged into a very abyss of misery. This was necessary to banish the claim of her joyous youth and to imbue and enwrap herself with the atmosphere of Bisson's wretched heroine.

BUT the second year of her evocation of the spirit of the outcast the rôle reacted upon her. The battle against high spirits became a battle against low moods. The reaction was not "blues" but "blacks." To dissipate the cloud of dolor, she resumed her childhood diversion of writing.

There is a treasured possession of the Donnelly family that is occasionally shown to visitors who have no reverence but an active sense of humor. It is a ponderous pile of manuscript, carefully covered in close-written, childish hand with prim characters. It weighs a pound. Its age is nearly thirty years. A child, Dorothy Donnelly by name, wrote the "novel," copied and tied it with a red ribbon, to await the return from the road of her actor brother, Henry V. Donnelly. Characteristic is it of the kindly and tactful Donnelly family that no one ever laughed at this premature literary outpouring. Again and again the child crossed her feet, hunched her knees, and screwed her eyes to their task of following the characters. From her seat on a low stool she would read her novel to the family. Although her eyes are by habit keen she never detected a gleam of anything save encouragement in the eyes of her auditors.

The child grown up did not revert to the novel form in her megrim banishing. She wrote jingles and limericks. The verses she sent to friends sailing for Europe, to friends who were young enough to indulge in birthdays, to friends who were giving dinners and wanted something appropriate for place cards. These good-will offerings carried her through the second year of Madame X, lifting the burden of another's fictitious woes that threatened to crush her into nervous prostration.

For Dorothy Donnelly, actress, is not of those whose creed is "Do not feel, but pretend you feel, the sorrows you depict. Three persons play every part, the one who feels it, the one who does it and the one who watches," she quotes when she tells of her evolution into a playwright. "But the one who felt was always dominant in me. And it tore and wore me. Duse answered when asked why she only played four times a week, 'But I must rest from my emotion.'"

MORE jingles and limericks were needed to lighten the weight of Maria Rosa. You remember her portrayal of the Spanish widow, who, ignorant of his deed, weds the murderer of her husband? The verses with laughter in every line flowed faster while she was Anne Merckle of the "Song of Songs." You must remember the discarded favorite who was forced to teach her childlike successor the arts that amused their master? A. H. Woods telegraphed her, "It's eight minutes of acting but it's got to be acting. That's the reason I want you." The five months of eight-minute acting were profitable. A farm on Croton Lake is the monument to them.

Her first play met the fate of most first plays, oblivion. Managers complained of the dearth of plays furnishing a character strong enough for her robust talents. "I'll write one," she said, with blithe confidence. She and a distinguished litterateur collaborated and brought forth a melodrama. Each still possesses a copy of it. Each still believes it has worth. Both, knowing that Broadway conditions are as changeful as the sea, set about writing other plays. Both, though not together, have attained the happy state of production.

Still in search of a play for herself, Miss Donnelly, in collaboration with Miss Charlotte Wells, well known as author, adapter and critic of plays, wrote "The Riddle Woman." It rested awaiting the change of events, and the will of producers. But Miss Donnelly waited not, for another chance came in the need of the Americanization of "Flora Bella." Cosmo Hamilton had made an English version of it for the taste of London. To Miss Donnelly on the whirling wheel of opportunity came the task of adapting the feast to Broadway palates. So well did it succeed that "Flora Bella," interpreted by Miss Lina Abarbanell, was a tenant of the Casino for some time.

ENTER "Johnny Get Your Gun." The play that turned on the pivot of a Western character introduced into a London drawing room had been sketched by Lawrence Burke. Mr. Burke did not fill in his sketch because he engaged in the more important work of defying the Huns with bullets. Mr. Burke in the trenches, his crude play giving promise, Louis Bennison, born to play it, waiting to begin rehearsals of material not yet rehearsable, John Cort sent an S. O. S. for Dorothy Donnelly. Yes, she thought she could cement it, polish it, make it workable. So in a few weeks of intensive effort she did. In company with "Johnny Get Your Gun" she made her second Broadway appearance as an author.

With "Fancy Free" she made her début as a collaborator—less playwright. She wrote its book, Augustus Barrett its lyrics and music, though she is capable of lyrics herself and has written them, as she will show you in the impending season.

In September, "The Riddle Woman" will be produced, but not with Dorothy Donnelly. Her new art has won her from the old. She will direct it. The musical version of "The Melting of Molly" is claiming her interest.

And beyond? Well, for us all there is a beyond, a striving point, a farther on. Else life would stale. The little its that make up humanity would slip back to their starting place.

Dorothy Donnelly's beyond is a comedy.

"Comedy is so wise," she says. "It has the essentials of drama in it for there must be tragedy to make one laugh."

Miss Donnelly regards herself as a beginner. "I've been writing only two years and am lucky," she insists. But heredity, environment, special training and equipment, she has brought to her task of entertaining Broadway in a new way.

Her uncle was the late Henry V. Donnelly, the actor-manager, long the manager of the Murray Hill Stock Company. Under him and her uncle, Fred Donnelly, of the Lyceum Theatre, she received her invaluable stage training. Fritz Williams, her cousin, has aided by suggestions. Henry Donnelly schooled her in modern comedies, Fred Donnelly in the classic and romantic rôles, including Juliet and Lady Macbeth. Her education included music and Bernhardt, Bartet, Réjane and Hading in their greatest rôles.

WILL there be more Madame X's?" I asked her at the conclusion of a morning chat in her artistic bachelor girl apartment in the quiet East Forties.

"I think not," was her answer. "I am rather a fatalist about playing. I will never play again unless it is inevitable. Either that I must play to earn my living or a part is offered me that is so compelling that it demands that I play it."

"I almost hope that I will never play again. If one is successful she must go with the character she has created in the play she has helped to make successful, on the road. The hardships and discomforts of the actor's life are depressing. Life is more livable for the playwright. She can keep her home and stay in it. She need not leave friends for a long time. She has hours of quiet when the grind of wheels ceases its torture.

"Acting is the greatest sport in the world," she summed up. "But writing is great fun, and added to it one has the delight of producing the play. That to one who loves the stage and lives in it is a delight. I've never gotten away from the stage? Writing and directing keep one in its atmosphere."

If, then, we must bid farewell to Madame X, we may expect to greet many "Fancy Frees."

*Campbell*

SARA KOUNS

NELLIE KOUNS

*Lewis-Smith*

ELEANOR SINCLAIR

a la Lenore Ulric
in "Tiger Rose"

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

The popular mirth maker, who is presenting himself in "Hitchy-Koo, 1918" at the Globe Theatre

*Goldberg*

EMMA HAIG

A dancing recruit from vaudeville, and a former favorite in "The Follies", who has scored again in her dance features

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "HITCHY-KOO 1918"

# WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT

*Without apologies to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play by the same title*

*By* LOUIS V. DE FOE

AT this particular dinner party there were eight around the table. The talk had drifted through various topics for a time, groping in the usual desultory way in search of a common denominator of interest. Then it turned naturally to the subject of the stage and, what was even more natural, the agreement was general that the theatre, with the most liberal allowances for the stagnating influences of a world at war, was in its usual chronic state of decline. No hope seemed possible for the two always ailing twins in art—playwriting and play acting.

The dinner party was representative of a sufficiently high average of taste to lend certain weight to its conclusions—conclusions in which almost any similar gathering is almost sure to concur. The house at which it was held stands in lower Fifth Avenue, not very distant from Washington Square, but into it, in spite of its proximity, had not intruded the artistic and philosophical views peculiar to the near-intellectuals of the contiguous Greenwich Village region. In other words, the people who were conducting the customary post-prandial mortuary services for the theatre were normal humans, quite content with existing conditions in general—except, of course, in the theatre—until by the will of a responsible majority of the social fabric a change is decreed.

THE host was a Yale graduate of the early eighties and a lawyer of standing who was a patron of the theatre and a fairly thoughtful observer of its shifting conditions within his time. One of his guests was a successful architect, a man of highly developed artistic instincts, who admitted, nevertheless, that the stage was important in his life chiefly for the relaxation and mental exhilaration it could supply. He was not, though, of the tired business man type; he could think logically in a medium other than figures. A second guest was a visitor from a distant but lively inland city. His interest in the theatre, he confessed, was only for the sake of the ephemeral diversion it offered. But his opinions were pertinent to the discussion, since he fairly represented the transient hotel population which makes fortunes for ticket speculators and provides about one-third of the audiences at every play in New York. A third guest was a dramatic critic who had devoted twenty years to close professional observation of the stage. I will leave the reader to speculate as to his identity, if such speculation be of interest. Then there were the four women. Two, at least, had undergone systematic college training. The other two were old enough to have earned bachelor degrees in the school of observation and experience. Their deprecatory views of the theatre they were quite ready to defend by lively argument not unmixed with reflections against the morals of its people. The party, in short, limited in numbers though it was, fairly well represented the playgoing public that perpetually sits in off-hand judgment upon the most universally patronized and democratic of the arts.

To the verdict that the theatre in which the English language is spoken is steadily moving on the downward path the dramatic critic demurred. But he was overruled, and there was no immediate court of appeal. The evidence he might have introduced in behalf of the case of the theatre was excluded, perhaps on the popular theory that the professional critic of any art must always be wrong unless he takes the most discouraging view of the art he criticizes.

HOWEVER, the discussion around the dinner table in Fifth Avenue settled nothing conclusively. Its importance is only that it was the usual thing in the usual place. The case of the offending theatre is always on the docket in the court of public opinion. It never is given a fair hearing and seldom is it even allowed the assistance of expert counsel. Meanwhile, it is taken for granted that the culprit is plunging to perdition along the downward path on which Colley Cibber, one of the first of the critics to put himself on record, discovered it—and it must be remembered that Cibber lived long enough to earn the distinction of having acted in Betterton's company. Shakespeare's death was then a fairly recent calamity. Why in these nearly two hundred intervening years has the theatre not reached the bottom in its descent and plunged into chaos?

It is the fashion in gauging the state of the theatre's art to regard as its golden age the years that have gone just before. The weakness of this accepted process lies in a failure to reflect that, during the seemingly golden age, a similar rosy view was held of the years that, in their turn, had vanished. By such a course of reasoning the drama must always be declining. The secret of this fallacy of the stage's retrogression—for the "decline of the drama," as the conventional phrase has it, is a fallacy—is that, critics and casual observers of the stage alike, we are too familiar with all the plays of the present and not familiar enough with all the plays of the past.

The Elizabethan age which gave the English theatre the poetic drama of Shakespeare has since been unapproached—there is no room for argument over this greatest phenomenon—or was it the greatest accident?—in the literature of all time. But when we proceed to glorify the brilliant period of what we call the eighteenth-century comedies of manners and romance we do not stop to consider the length of time that was needed for the accumulation of its very limited number of surviving plays. These works we designate as the "old comedies" or the "classics," not many of us knowing definitely what they are or what we really mean.

THE term, "classics," is vague and uncertain, considering that it is so often and so glibly employed. Applied to plays it roughly designates those works of the theatre which, because of literary perfection, truth to universal traits in human nature as well as to the customs and manners of their times, and vigor and vitality of characterization—a combination of some or all these qualities with the elusive attribute called popular appeal—have survived from the contemporaneous mass of less fortunately directed effort and energy and have been received into the fund of permanent literature of the theatre. Their recognition is not easily won. The test of a century of opinion is needed to establish them in the honored company of the elect.

These elected plays which have borne successfully the acid test we customarily compare with the average product of our own contemporary stage to its inevitable disparagement. We do not take account of the thousands of other plays that helped to tarnish in their time the age which to us seems golden. Then we go to our chatty dinner parties and join in the complaint that the art which of all the arts gives greatest pleasure—and no little æsthetic satisfaction, besides—to the greatest number of people is staggering down the hill on tottering legs.

When the discouragingly industrious and almost exasperingly accurate Rev. John Genest compiled his "Account of the English Stage from 1660 to 1830" in ten volumes, he made it possible for W. S. Gilbert, who himself was no mean example of painstaking industry, to explode the notion of the English-speaking theatre's decline. But the explosion took place so many years ago that it has failed to reach the ears of the stage's present mourners. Gilbert found from his exhaustive examination of Genest's minutely correct work that during the period between 1700 and 1830, from which we cull the conceded classic of English dramatic literature—all except the ante-dating dramas of Shakespeare—there were produced in England more than four thousand plays of all kinds.

BY a process of elimination he came to these conclusions which, I venture, are unknown to most people who presume to pass judgment on the theatre's present state:

"Three thousand, nine hundred and fifty are absolutely unknown, except by name, to any but professed students of English dramatic literature. Of the remaining fifty, only thirty-five are ever presented on the English boards at the present day; of these thirty-five, only seventeen are works of acknowledged literary merit; and of these seventeen, only eleven can claim to rank as standard works."

Prof. Brander Matthews once made use of Gilbert's computations and brought to the surface another surprising fact. He pointed out that "during the one hundred and thirty years, when the drama in England, if not at its best, was at least the centre of literary interest and more important and more profitable than any other department of literature, only once in more than ten years, on an average, was a play produced which by some union of popular attributes with literary quality, has managed to survive to the present day."

Can we, then, be as bad as all that? A wartime dramatic season has just ended in New York, during which something like eighty-nine hitherto unacted plays have been ground out in forty-seven theatres in frenzied competition. We look vainly through the mass hoping to find at least one of more than ephemeral interest—and we fail. But this, on second thought, is only a single season. On the basis of the W. S. Gilbert's deductions we have at least nine more years to equal the record of the golden age of English comedy.

"FRIENDLY ENEMIES," by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman, is an American play in three acts. The central characters are two middle-aged and prosperous German-Americans who have spent the greater part of their lives in the United States. They are intimate friends but hold opposite views regarding the war. One, portrayed by Louis Mann, is intensely pro-German; the other, portrayed by Sam Bernard, is intensely American. Their divergent views are the cause of a good deal of heated and amusing argument. The pro-German Mann has been contributing a good deal of money for what he thinks is propaganda that will set Germany right in the eyes of the world, and that will end the war. This money is turned over to a man who is really the head of the German spy system in America, and who is using it for purposes of destruction. Unknown to Mann, his only son has enlisted as an officer in the American Army, and comes home on the eve of departing for France to marry his fiancée—the daughter of Bernard. Of course Mann refuses to forgive his son and immediately after the marriage the latter sets sail for France. The boat is torpedoed and Mann, believing his son lost, gives himself up to despair and to fierce denunciation of the Hun. The son is really saved and returns to find a father to whom the true German character has been revealed.

"Friendly Enemies" has been playing for the past three months at the new Wood's Theatre, Chicago, with unusual success and will be presented at the Hudson Theatre, New York next month.

"Friendly enemies"

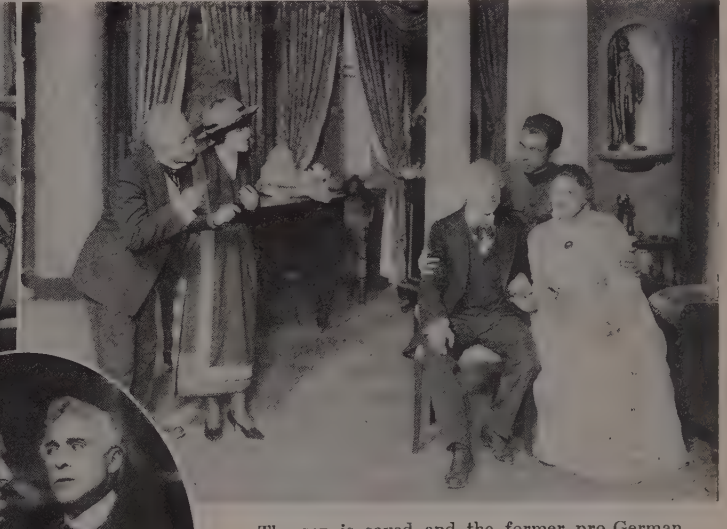
*Photos White*

Sam Bernard

The friendly enemies enjoying the war news—each from his own point of view

Louis Mann Mathilde Cottrelly

(Inset) The pro-German's son listens dubiously to his father's praise of the Teutons



Sam Bernard Louis Mann Regina Wallace

The pro-German learns that the ship on which his son is sailing has been sunk

Sam Bernard Louis Mann Felix Krembs

The friendly enemies have a little *tête-a-tête* with the German spy

The son is saved and the former pro-German understands at last where his true interests lie

## AN ANTI-GERMAN PROPAGANDA PLAY

Our experimenting craftsmen in their relentless pursuit of royalties may never match Sheridan's brilliant achievements of "The School for Scandal," or "The Rivals," or "The Critic," or Goldsmith's lucky stroke of "She Stoops to Conquer." But in much less than one hundred and thirty years—even within the last quarter of a century—have not the dramatists who write in English equalled Mrs. Cowley's "The Belle's Stratagem" and Holcroft's "The Road to Ruin" and Colman's "The Heir-at-Law" and "The Poor Gentleman" and "John Bull"? Have they not improved upon what to us now is the soporific wit of Garrick's "High Life Below Stairs," or Foote's "The Liar," or O'Keefe's "Wild Oats"?

All these plays stand in the first division of the classic comedies with which we must reckon when we attempt to convict of futility the stage of the present day. Coming down to a somewhat later period, and considering more familiar plays which by critical consent have been conceded places among the standard works of the English stage, have we not in the same last quarter century produced favorable rivals in manner and quality to Sheridan Knowles' "The Hunchback" and "The Love Chase," Dion Boucicault's "London Assurance" and "Old Heads and Young Hearts," Bulwer Lytton's "Money," and Tom Taylor's "Masks and Faces" and "Still Waters Run Deep"?

Enshrined in their covers these victors in the struggle of the survival of the fittest compel our veneration—if we take care not to become too well acquainted with their contents. But every now and then, when the programme of a dramatic season in New York is complete, some manager is seized with an impulse to perform a service for art and brings one of these revered old works from its place of hiding. If it be "The School for Scandal," or "The Rivals," or "She Stoops to Conquer" our satisfaction is great. But do we take delight when the rest of these masterpieces are galvanized into new life?

The American branch of the English theatre will not be without its honorable representatives in any future list of standard plays. Clyde Fitch's deep divination of feminine character and the photographic accuracy of his stage pictures of social life must receive future recognition in the deftly drawn heroines of "The Truth" and "The Girl With the Green Eyes." As dramas of speculative interest and characteristic of the virile and red-blooded American life of their time Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour" and "As a Man Thinks" will have places on the stage of the future, and "Arizona" may also be revived with interest to its audiences. Though William Vaughn Moody died as his undoubted genius was just ripening, he lived to place "The Great Divide" among the most searching and powerful of our native plays. As a brilliant, artificial comedy of manners "The New York Idea," by Langdon Mitchell, rivals all but the very best of its predecessors written in English. Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way" undoubtedly bears the stamp of creative art and has the qualities of an enduring melodramatic play. Among the miscellaneous dramas and comedies that assert their claims as literature may be included "The Servant in the House" by Charles Rann Kennedy, and "The Scarecrow" by Percy MacKaye—plays of permanent interest in the library as well as on the stage. There remains the picturesque fancies of Benrimo and Hazelton's "The Yellow Jacket" which already has been adopted into the literature of four languages.

Other judgment may fasten upon other plays as evidence that the case of the theatre is not hopeless. But undoubtedly many of the works that I have named would be found in all the lists. As a people inordinately committed to the habit of playgoing we bear the burden of an over-supply of theatres out of proportion to the creative abilities of our authors. Consequent upon a condition brought about by commercial competition we endure, and must continue to endure, in these superfluous theatres an affliction of rubbish that all but obscures the occasional work of literary and dramatic genius which, if it keeps up with the schedule of a golden age that is gone, should make its appearance once in about every ten years.

# HE'S ONLY THE AUTHOR

*By* LESLIE ALLEN

HEY, Bill, who's that funny looking gink over there, hidin' in th' corner?" asks one of the stage hands at a dress rehearsal. "He looks durn suspicious. Shall I run him out?"

Bill gives the abject little man in the corner a sharp once-over.

"Him? Aw, let 'im stay, he's only th' author!"

The average author of a play—not the few big fellows who have put a dozen successes across, but the ordinary everyday sort of a dramatic author—is about as welcome at a rehearsal of his own play as a chaperone at a May picnic. *"Persona non grata"* was invented solely to apply to authors in relation to the rehearsals of their brain children.

The producer, sitting back in the gloom of the unlighted "house" and watching proceedings, does not approve of the setting.

"Say," he yells to the stage manager, "that's no good."

"Don't I know it!" the stage manager comes back, without batting an eye, "but watcher goin' to do? This here author's script calls for it. It ain't my fault, it's his."

"But—er—but I didn't designate a couch for that corner," the author timidly observes.

"Well, what wouldjer have there?" he is asked.

"A bookcase might not be out of place, as I—that is—the scene is supposed to represent a library," suggests Mr. Author.

The producer is talking to a friend about the new hazard at the eleventh hole out at the club links. The leading lady, who is to have her strongest bit in this scene, is telling the reporter about movie offers she has turned down. The stage manager looks at the author in surprise.

"Bookcase? Say, who's doin' this?"

The author goes back to his corner, apologizing to one of the stage hands for walking in front of him.

Finally they are off. The rehearsal is under way.

"All through the long, long night I waited and watched for you," recites the leading lady.

"A-hem—er—pardon me," stammers the author, "but the action takes place in the day, you know——"

The leading lady pauses and stares stonily at him.

"Night is much better," she says, crisply, "it means dreary, dark hours and all that, you know. I shall say 'night'."

"But—but the entire action will have to be changed," pleads the author, "you see they don't get there until morning and she waits all day——"

"That's all right," shouts the producer, "gimme th' script. Here, Joe," to his publicity man, "just shift that scene around to night, Miss Killington wants a night scene here."

And so they shift it all over.

"The speeding years," recites the leading lady, "have left their tracery of sorrow upon your brow, John Golightly, even as they have marked my own sad countenance—say, that's rot, my countenance isn't marked, you know, and I won't——"

"All right, all right, cut out that sentence if you don't like it," says the director.

"Sure," remarks the producer.

"Really you know, that line is a plant; it leads up——"

"Never mind. Never mind. You're delayin' this rehearsal," scolds the director. The author sighs and crosses out on his much-fingered script his pet paragraph. And so it goes.

Finally the play is produced. The billing tells in large letters the name of the leading lady and in type almost as large the title of the play. In type but a bit smaller is the name of the producer and a whole lot more information, and then, tucked away in a corner, out of sight, is the line, in agate:

By
John Jones

Perhaps the play fails. On the Rialto it is discussed like this:

"Heard your show flopped."

"Yep, didn't live through the first act. But what could you expect? We told the producer he was crazy to put on such a rotten play. Say, the best of us can't make a success out of a rotten play, you know. It was the author's fault, entirely."

Or perhaps the show makes a sensational hit. Then, on the Rialto, we hear this:

"Hear you are making a hit with your new show."

"Hit? We are a riot—*positively* a riot. Standing 'em up every performance. Biggest hit ever came to town, will run two years without a break——"

"Glad of it. You were lucky to have such a corking fine author."

"Author? Author? What th' blazes has *he* got to do with it? It was a punk script when we got it, but we worked it over ourselves and it wasn't what the author wrote that made the hit, you know, it was the way we put it over. It was our work. It doesn't make a bit of difference what the play is, you know, if you've got real people in it they'll make good. What d'ye mean 'author'? He don't deserve any credit, anyway. Who ever heard of him?"

Pity the poor author.

HELEN SHIPMAN

The road saw dainty Miss Shipman in the leading rôle in "Oh Boy" last season, and Broadway will see her shortly in a new musical comedy to be produced at the Broadhurst Theatre

(Oval)

*Johnston*

RUBY DE REMER

A former Ziegfeld beauty who will be seen in the new Weber and Field's piece, "Back Again," in an important rôle

*Lewis-Smith*

JULIA SANDERSON

Now under the management of Charles Dillingham, who, this coming season, will present her and the inimitable Joseph Cawthorn, in a new musical comedy

# BELLES OF MUSICAL COMEDY

# THE HOME FOLLOWS THE STAGE

*Just as the stage introduces new styles in dress, so it introduces new fashions in home decoration*

*By* ZETA ROTHSCHILD

WHAT care we who writes the plays of a nation," say the dressmakers, "as long as we provide the costumes?"

"What care we who provides the plays and costumes of a nation," echo the interior decorators, "as long as we design the stage settings?"

For the stage to-day is the best publicity means of putting anything before the public and getting it over; especially a new note that can be visualized—such as fashions and interior decorations.

To use the stage as a go-between has long been the custom of fashion artists. Dressmakers use it to introduce a new style; do you recall the Sarah Bernhardt collar that scratched the lobes of the ear? Women on both sides of the Atlantic encased their throats in tight collars like barb-wire fences. Pajamas likewise were lifted out of the haberdashery into the ladies' *lingerie* when Miss Billie Burke proved their becomingness by wearing them publicly in "Jerry." To-day Ina Claire is held responsible for the present bustle epidemic by having introduced a revised edition of the 1880 fashion in "Polly With a Past," a successful play of the current season.

The stage, in this decade, sets the fashion for the home as well as for the mistress of it. Interior decoration of one's surroundings is as important a matter as the exterior decoration of one's person. Current drama is a valuable guide in the art of home-making.

All this has come to pass in the last ten years. Even five years ago the stage was merely a photograph of the home, attractive or otherwise. When the stage was set with a mass of cluttered detail, such as Belasco used in staging Du Barry, the average American home was the resting place of curio cabinets, souvenirs and photographs of the past, present and the hopes of the next generation. Belasco, in staging Du Barry, imported yards and yards of old Du Barry velvet, antique silks and furniture of the period. To carry out every detail he gathered together a menagerie of a monkey and three kinds of dogs, such as Du Barry had at her court. But they proved to be such ungracious actors that even Belasco had to place safety before detail.

However, Du Barry marked the beginning of the end of the reign of realism. Decorators turned their backs on the home as a model. As artists, not as collectors of detail, they planned to use the stage as the fashion artists have always done. They made their models for stage settings, according to the spirit and mood of the play, kept in mind the value of line and color, and pulled back the curtain and said: "Look at us." "Here is the fashion—the model—of what is beautiful in decoration; we know how." Then began the new adaptation of the creed that the home follows the stage.

To picture the change that has taken place, compare the two presentations of the one play, "The Concert." The first was staged by Belasco, starring Leo Ditrichstein. The drawing-room of the musician's home was crowded with chairs, *bric-à-brac,* hassocks; not one foot of space was without its piece of furniture. The room was overcrowded, though nothing in it was out of keeping with the period in which the piece was laid. The stage setting might have been lifted out of eight-tenths of the homes in America of that day.

Now consider the recent presentation of "The Concert," by Stuart Walker; it reflects the new order. Instead of copying an inartistic home, he planned to set a model for a room, comfortable as well as attractive. Comfort need never be sacrificed to art. To draw on, he had an accumulated supply of furniture handed down in the property room of a stock company, no more than two chairs of the same period. But from this collection of odds and ends, Mr. Walker fitted out a room both homelike and artistic. Gray was the *motif* of the scene; the walls were gray, a rug of gray without design was on the floor. There was but one picture, for the value of empty spaces was taken into account. Lunettes over the windows and black panelling around the door gave a hint of loftiness. But the impression of height was kept in check by a black border, a foot and a half from the top, which made the centre of the stage the centre of the picture. Five chairs were needed in the action of the play, and only five chairs were placed in the room. But far from being bare, the room had an atmosphere of homelike intimacy, for which due credit must be given the curtains of creamy unbleached muslin at the windows. On these were stencilled a simple design in bright colors which made the only vivid color-note of the restful interior. Instead of a photograph of a home, Mr. Walker presented an inspiration for a more beautiful home.

Compare the two photographs, the new and the old school, and get the contrast.

As the new theory of stage setting ousted the old, simplicity and beauty of line and color took the place of detail. As the new plays showed themselves with these new-style settings, so did the American home begin to undergo the same change. The beauty of a simple background was appreciated. Plain wallpaper pushed the large *fleur-de-lys* and the gargantuan roses out of the living-room. Odds and ends that bespattered the living-room were slowly eliminated. Not newer furniture, but fewer pieces was the cue. Comfort had become the keynote. And in the name of comfort old fussy detail was swept away.

What comfort is in the home, dramatic effect is on the stage. Whatever makes for comfort is legitimate; whatever makes for dramatic effect is permissible. To produce atmosphere for a play the manager is justified in taking advantage of every means to that end. In one scene in a Belasco play, for instance, the curtain goes up on a cosy living-room, an open fire in the grate and a lazy cat stretching on the hearth. That that cat should stretch at the moment the curtain rose was akin to a miracle, it seemed. But to Belasco it was merely an effective bit of atmosphere, easily achieved. For a short time before the scene, the cat was placed in a box too short for it. Released from its cramped position before the curtain went up, the cat spent the next five minutes in stretching its cramped muscles.

**A recent stage setting for "You Never Can Tell." Wainscoting, doors and doorways of gray contrast delicately with the light buff walls. Color is introduced in the bright blue and orange squares near the ceiling and in the pictures and lunette whereby deep browns, reds and greens can be used logically. These hues are repeated in a higher key in the lanterns which bring the garden into close co-ordination with the room. The set was designed for Stuart Walker by Frank J. Zimmerer and executed by Mr. Zimmerer and Arthur Wells**

*Byron*

STAGE setting in "The Concert" as originally produced in New York showing the over-elaboration of detail. The lower picture shows a scene in the same play as produced to-day by Stuart Walker in Indianapolis, according to modern art.

*Byron*

THE remarkable advance made in stage settings is shown in this picture (left)— a scene in Belasco's production of "The Easiest Way," about ten years ago. The furnishings look as old-fashioned to-day as the women's clothes. If the same play were staged now, it would have an altogether different setting. Note the picture on the lower right hand corner—a scene from "Polly With a Past," also a Belasco production

*White*

# YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN STAGE SETTINGS

# THE MOST UNIQUE THEATRE IN THE WORLD

*Subterranean playhouse where Parisians enjoy performances while "Big Bertha" roars*

*By* EDWIN CARTY RANCK

UNDOUBTEDLY the most unique playhouse in the world to-day is L'Abri Théâtre de Guerre (War Shelter Theatre) at Paris, which is nightly presenting for the delectation of unterrified Parisians a sort of French George M. Cohan revue in two acts and a prologue entitled "1918." While the German Gothas drop—or attempt to drop—bombs upon the dauntless French capital, and while "Big Bertha" roars sullenly every half hour or so as she expectorates her Boche hatred from a distance of seventy miles, Parisian audiences are shaking with mirth as they sit in L'Abri and hear their favorite comedians poke fun at the Boche and his abortive attempts at *schrechlichkeit*.

L'Abri is the newest theatre in Paris and is, as far as I have been able to ascertain, the only playhouse of its kind in existence. It first opened its doors to the Parisian public on the night of May 6, frankly advertising itself as a refuge theatre where amusement-seekers might laugh without danger of their laughter being cut short by shells. And, although the revue on exhibition at L'Abri is well worth seeing, as a light form of amusement, the theatre itself is even more so. The play is only part of the thing at L'Abri.

**Entrance to "L'Abri," the bomb-proof playhouse recently opened in Paris**

This bombproof theatre is located at 167 Rue Montmartre, in the cellar of a seven-story building. If a bomb from a raiding Gotha demolished five stories of this building and a shell from "Big Bertha" clipped off another, it probably wouldn't even interrupt Jane Pierly's song in "1918," where she makes "*jamais*" rhyme with "Sammy." But the feature that makes L'Abri absolutely unique is that the audiences are as much interested in the stories *above* the stage as in the stories *on* the stage.

The front of L'Abri is not impressive. It reminds one somewhat of a burlesque theatre on New York's East Side. All around it are clustered small boulevard cafés. One enters a diminutive lobby which is flush with the sidewalk and then steps down a flight of stairs into the auditorium, which is merely a camouflaged cellar—so artistically camouflaged, however, that Greenwich Village would grow mad with envy after just one glance, for it is everything in the way of a perfectly appointed small playhouse that theatrical experimenters in America have vainly dreamt of.

L'Abri has a seating capacity of 210 and its stage is about the size of the defunct Bandbox Theatre in New York. The interior is finished in dark blue and turkey red. Loge seats are on the right and left and there are only two boxes. Balconies are conspicuous by their absence. The wartime prices, including the tax, are as follows: Box seats, 15 francs; loges, 12 francs; fauteuil seats, 10 francs. There are other seats to be had in the rear of the auditorium at seven francs and less. A combined concert hall and smoking-room, where men and women can lounge between acts, is a very popular adjunct of the theatre.

L'Abri is so far underground that the audiences cannot even hear the three cannon shots, followed by the weirdly shrieking sirens on Notre Dame's twin towers—the signal that the Boche is trying to spill more kultur upon Paris. Nor can they hear that more welcome sound—the "all clear" bugle note which means that the latest air raid is over. The walls of the theatre are of reinforced concrete and the audiences sit beneath an armored cupola. The only danger, in fact, is to abandon one's seat. For the time being you are on absolutely neutral territory and no German metal can touch you.

It is quite an experience to visit the L'Abri Theatre at night. One descends into Egyptian darkness that is relieved here and there by the glow-worm flashlights of the girl ushers. The lamps in the corridors are extinguished and, until the footlights are flashed on, you sit there in the darkness, listening to a French verbal bombardment on all sides of you. Then the curtain stirs, the footlights bloom forth and a rotund French comedian with the usual beard announces, solemnly: "Monsieur Kling has arrived!" and the house rocks with laughter, for Monsieur Kling is the director of the municipal laboratory and has charge of the work of analyzing all shells and bombs that the Germans drop upon Paris. From now on, the house is in an excellent humor, ready to laugh at the most gruesome war-time jests.

In advertising itself as a theatre where audiences can be absolutely immune from German raiding attacks, L'Abri is following the example of the Odéon during the big cholera scare of 1832, when it announced that "the Odéon is the only theatre in Paris where not a single case of cholera has yet been seen." This is mentioned in Alexandre Dumas' *Memoirs*. In the year 1918 L'Abri can state, without fear of contradiction, that it is the only theatre in Paris where not a single case of shell shock has yet been seen.

As I sat in the L'Abri Théâtre, looking around at the reinforced concrete walls, it suddenly occurred to me that the French playwrights had a great chance to even scores with Parisian managers during war times by insisting that their plays and revues be presented only in the very best protected and most up-to-date shell-proof theatres. What would the poor manager do? *Mon Dieu!* It would be terrible indeed!

The critics of New York are prone to poke fun at programmed lists of authors, collaborators, composers and librettists who are jointly responsible at times for the anæmic concoctions that so frequently masquerade under the name "musical-comedy." But what would they think of this announcement, which is copied from the program at L'Abri: "1918, a revue in two acts and a prologue by M. Lucien Boyer and Albert Willemetz. *Mise en scene* by M. Edmond Roze. Musical novelty by M. André Colomb. Decorations designed by Atamian and executed by Beisson and Proust. Costumes designed by Gesmar and executed by Pascaud. Hats by Lewis. Gowns for Mlle. Jane Pierly by the firm of Doeuillet. Orchestra directed by M. André Colomb."

"1918" is a clever revue that satirizes in amusing fashion various aspects of the war situation in Europe, acts from other plays now current in Paris, and sensational bits of news from the papers, such as the Caillaux case. The very things that the incredibly stupid Germans blind themselves into believing have terrified Paris, are the subjects of more fun at the hands of Messrs. Boyer and Willemetz than anything else in the revue. For instance, most window-panes in Paris are criscrossed with strips of paper to prevent the concussion from exploding bombs and shells shattering the glass. Well, one of the funniest comedians in "1918" came out upon the stage wearing a huge pair of spectacles, the lenses of which were criscrossed with tiny strips of paper. The audience greeted him with roars of appreciative laughter. Surely, the ostrich-like Germans wouldn't like this reception of their *schrechlichkeit* methods!

Popular American music, much of it of stale vintage to us, is one of the big features of "1918." The authors have given new words to the music, words that are appropriate to war conditions of to-day. I heard "Every Little Movement" given with great effect by the entire

*From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton*

## MARTHA HEDMAN

This fair daughter of Sweden, whom the United States has adopted for its own, has been missing from Broadway for some seasons, owing to her success as Virginia in "The Boomerang." Miss Hedman is too ambitious to be satisfied with being a one-part actress, therefore, she has severed her connection with Mr. Blasco, and will be seen this fall on Broadway in a new play written by herself

company of principals and chorus, who sang words that were Parisian to the very core. A number of Anna Held's famous old songs were revamped in this fashion and were received in their camouflaged dress with as much gusto as if they were brand new.

The comedians made fun of the high prices of butter and eggs, the new luxury tax and other topics that one doesn't usually laugh at in Paris in these days of pinching privation. But the audience liked it immensely and vehemently cried *"Encore!"* Most of the hotels and cafés in Paris give diners saccharine with their coffee as a substitute for sugar. Therefore, a big hit was made by Alice Cocea when she came out dressed in a sort of white satin costume, à la Eva Tanguay, conspicuously labelled "Saccharine" and sang a rhapsody on American ragtime music. There were a large number of American soldiers in the audience and they were most enthusiastic. So were the French.

But the real hit of the evening was made by Jane Pierly when she sang the song in which *"jamais"* rhymed with "Sammy." The "Sammies" in the audience were delighted with the song and the singer and gave her a real American welcome. Jane Pierly, by the way, is a sort of Parisian Frances White. She is diminutive, like Miss White, and besides being charming to look upon, is vivacious and clever. The program well called her *"la petite femme de Paris."*

There was a highly amusing burlesque of Fermin Gémier's revolutionary production in Paris last winter of "Antony and Cleopatra," in which Gémier out-Granvilled Granville Barker's famous production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." M. Bazin impersonated William Shakespeare; Alice Cocea was Cleopatra, and M. Coucot, a highly intelligent comedian appeared as "Firmin" Shakespeare. It was delightful foolery and the audience caught the spirit of the satire at once and manifestly enjoyed it. Gémier himself, by the way, was an amused spectator of the burlesque on the opening night of L'Abri.

Another feature that pleased the wartime audience mightily was a burlesque bit in which a German Gotha, represented as a pompous windbag, invited the statue of Louis XIV to descend from his pedestal. M. Boucot impersonated the statue, and his royal amazement as he descended, coupled with his remarks about German airplanes and German stupidity, convulsed the audience and brought the comedian back again and again. There is much of William Collier's suave fun-making in the work of M. Boucot. He and Jane Pierly are the chief stars.

L'Abri is really a diminutive French music hall that is doing successfully on a small scale what the Century Theatre tried unsuccessfully to do on a big scale. And, while the Boche is not dropping any bombs upon New York, some enterprising Broadway manager might well take a tip from the success of L'Abri. It is not dollars that have made this tiny cellar theatre popular. Ingenuity, resourcefulness and brains are three ingredients that went into its making.

# THE COMPLEAT PLAYWRIGHT

*A friendly guide to dramatists enabling anyone to turn out a play with rapid fire speed*

*By* FRANKLYN WRIGHT

IT has come to a point now where everyone is writing plays. Perhaps it is simply the ancient case of old man Supply doing the hare and hounds after friend Demand, or perhaps it is merely a fad, like the dance craze of a few years back. At all events it is a fact that if your business partner stares vacantly at you when you ask him where he filed that letter about the new spring models, and the lady of your choice replies to your queries about the gas-range with, "Sh! darling, sh! I'm thinking," you can be reasonably certain that in both cases they have just got their hero into about twenty-four pages of plot and are having mental epileptics trying to get him out of it.

The thing has become so poignantly a part of all our lives, as the four-minute men say so truly of the war in their thirty-five minute speeches, that it seems only right that some bright, young and attractive male, like myself, should offer balm to the rest of humanity by dropping a few gentle hints on how the art of playwriting is managed. Of course there have been no end of learned treatises penned on this subject already, but most of my friends who have taken up the game in their leisure moments seem to find that none of them apply directly to the play that they are writing.

Now, as a matter of fact the whole thing is tremendously simple, and can be stated in a very few words—fewer in fact than I am going to state it in here. I am really only going into details to fill out that space in the lower right hand corner of this page which really looks dreadfully when it is left all naked and not full of words the way the editor likes to see it. I have divided my subject, after considering it carefully, into several divisions. Let us get right at the first of them.

### 1. The Big Situation.

To handle a Big Situation in the Great American Play that you will write sooner or later, be sure, in the first place, that your idea is based on stage properties, stage lighting effects, and stage mechanical devices rather than on real emotions as you have observed them in real life. In this way you will be carrying on the great traditions of the American Stage. If you do otherwise you will be just carrying on—so don't When you get to the point of writing that Big Scene, you cannot fail if you arrange to have an enormous white spot-light fall suddenly on something that has hitherto been in the dark. It really doesn't matter what the light is supposed to be, or what it falls on. That is simply a matter of taste. It can be a search-light, a street lamp, or a flash of lightning, and it can fall on a corpse, a knife, or a wriggling hero. It is quite immaterial. If you have a soft spot for wriggling heroes you must not let the natural reaction of your feelings run away with you when the play is put into rehearsal, and arrange to have something heavier than a spot-light do the falling. American audiences do not like sad plays, and they simply cannot stand seeing heavy things falling on people who have done nothing to them that they can be sued for. And, by the way, when that spot-light falls, pick out an actress who has a particularly unpleasant voice—the star will always answer the purpose—and have her scream like anything. That is what makes people, and sometimes the critics too, call your little effort a Strong Play.

### 2. The Big Scream.

It is, of course, exceedingly important to make your audience laugh. This is not nearly so hard as it sounds. It can be done:

A. By having the hero's aunt, who is the President of a Temperance Society, drink eight cocktails, under the impression that she is being served with Moxie.

B. By having the hero pursue a girl whom he has never met to the threshold of an elevator in a hotel, when the elevator boy slams the door, narrowly missing the hero's nose.

C. By having an adventuress—only you must call her a vampire—faint into the arms of the heroine's father, who is a clergyman, just as the heroine's mother makes her entrance.

D. By having the hero, who is accused by the heroine of being a rake, burst into tears and wipe his eyes with a silk stocking, which he mistakes for a handkerchief. The stocking, of course, is in the pocket of a dressing-gown which really belongs to the hero's gay friend.

### RULES OF THE THEATRE.

1. Novelists and short story writers cannot write plays. John Galsworthy, Rachel Crothers, Montague Glass and a few hundred more are just little exceptions to this fine old theatrical maxim.

2. Bernard Shaw's plays are not really plays at all. They are acted on the stage before large audiences who pay the usual—whatever *is* the usual price at the present moment—to see them—but they are not plays.

3. No one can possibly tell what the public wants. Therefore the way to write a success, is to give the public what it wants.

4. Novels cannot possibly be successfully dramatized. Good examples of this are "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson."

### WHAT THEY ARE.

Orchestra: A body of men hired by the theatre to keep the members of the audience from hearing what they say to each other between the acts.

Theatre Party: Eight people—of the upper classes—equally divided as to sex, who come in during the big moment of the second act, and afford a sparkling diversion by kicking hats and stepping on feet until they get to their seats, in front of which they undulate and arrange themselves, until Ethel who entered first and George who is very polite and came in last, are seated together—and the scene on the stage is over.

Hero: Shelley Hull.

Heroine: The Girl who marries Shelley Hull.

Producer: The man who saves the show.

Author: The man who nearly ruins the show.

Artists: Theatrical slang for actors and actresses.

Hit: Any play before it is taken off.

A Cast of Unusual Distinction: More slang for actors and actresses.

*Moffett*

EVA TANGUAY

Cyclonic Eva, whose popularity seems never on the wane, is still going strong in vaudeville

*White*

GEORGE RENAVENT

A young French actor who brings the finesse of the French stage to his impersonation of the Count in "Flo-Flo"

CECIL KERN

Leading woman at the Great Northern Hippodrome, Chicago, where condensed versions of the world's famous plays are to be given

This picture gives an excellent idea of the art of camouflaging. The car shown was prepared,. and its use donated by The Baker R & L Company to the Thrift Stamp Campaign. Countess Margherita de Cippico, who was Rita Jolivet, while touring in the interest of war work, used it most effectively in the selling of Thrift Stamps

## HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE LAND

# "BIFF-BANG" CREATES THE STAGE-DOOR JANE

*Pelham Naval Training Camp Boys Capture the Hearts of Broadway*

*By* VERA BLOOM

THE stage-door Johnny is a familiar character on Broadway. He is the ignoble figure with white spats, one-button cutaway and bunch of orchids, who loafs near the "No Admittance" sign on the door through which the Follies' beauty is soon to dash and speed away in "the Governor's" car.

The stage-door has always been the one place where the female of the species isn't as deadly as the male. Johnny's nearest counterpart is the matinée girl, only her whole attitude is one of worshipful awe. The last thought in her mind is of meeting the object of her inflamed enthusiasm. All she wants is to be as near as possible to the narrow lane through which her idol will hurry smilingly to the waiting motor. Any *bona-fide* matinée girl will shudder at the idea of an introduction.

But when the boys in blue from the Pelham Naval Training Camp brought "Biff-Bang," their own musical show, to the Century, and scored one of the most emphatic successes of the season with a chorus that combined Ziegfeld beauty with Marbury daintiness, suddenly all the feminine part of the audience from old maids from Maine—corresponding, I suppose, to the bald-headed row at the Winter Garden—to little rah-rah girls from school, burst into a heated discussion over the merits of the "third from this end" and the "second from the left," in an assortment of beauties that three weeks before had either been engaged in shoveling coal or scrubbing the decks of Uncle Sam's invincible navy.

Never was seen such an array of loveliness to undulate across a stage in the manner sacred to Justine Johnstone and her ilk, or more successfully be-Hepnered and be-Hicksoned. The leading lady was a model for any ingenue, and the pony ballet, trained by the Sunshine Girls from "Jack o' Lantern," forgot their sea-legs and acquired stage ones in less time than it takes Ned Wayburn to get the most experienced dancers in trim.

We're always very loathe to give make-up its due. In our hearts we really hope the ladies across the footlights are as beautiful as they seem. But this time we knew it couldn't be true—golden curls or a peaches-and-cream complexion don't figure in the physical examination for the Navy.

So after the show I joined the procession of stage-door Janes—there were a surprising lot of them—and went back of the stage to see how this superb camouflage was achieved. Most of the "girls" had already hurried off to their dressing rooms to change to the simple blue street costume provided by Uncle Sam, but William Schroeder, the composer, who has written several Broadway scores, and who is now bandmaster at Pelham; Dinnie MacDonald, the director, unknown to New York, who performed the feat of changing husky tars to airy sprites, and arranging the dances; and Hugh Dillman, the vampire, who conceived the idea of giving the show, were there to begin the tale.

"Biff-Bang" was written, rehearsed, and performed in three weeks—half the time needed to produce the average musical revue. And instead of the usual ten-to-five rehearsal hours, these boys were fortunate to snatch three hours a day between drill and classes, for they are all in training to be officers eventually, and the large majority had never been on a stage before.

The music was written during rehearsals, and studied a page at a time, with the dances worked out in the same way. Several of the numbers became instantaneous hits, which speaks well for impromptu composing.

A stream of brawny sailor boys began to pour downstairs—any one of them looked able to sink a U-boat single handed. I thought these must be the chorus men who had made a background for the girls, but a forgotten cupid's bow mouth here and powdered arms there revealed the truth.

These, then, were the slim, girlish figures. Somehow or other those heroic-size boots had been changed for small, high-heeled slippers, and even tonsorial neglect had been successfully covered with grease paint!

If you can imagine waiting for the Dolly Sisters and seeing Jess Willard and James J. Corbett arrive in their stead, you have an idea of the shock of the re-appearance of the "Biff-Bang" cast.

The leading lady, Alonzo King, and the *première danseuse,* Edward Costello, took characteristically long to appear, but the "Misses" Harold Samuel, Mooney—Gypsy-of-the-Follies' only rival—and End-on-the-Right Levy, told me about the making of a chorus girl, rubbing strained insteps and painfully laced waists the while.

"Mr. Hickson told us all to come up and be fitted at one time," they explained. "Well, I wish you could have seen it! The saleslades refused to sell, and the customers refused to buy while we were there. They stood us up for hours, and made the clothes right on us. And to think we called the navy WORK——!

"One fellow, cast for a vampire, was to wear an extremely low-cut back. They tied on the costume, and he was a dream! 'Turn around,' said Mr. Hickson. He turned—and there, in the center of that beautiful decoltée, was a vivid anchor by some artist of the tatoo!"

"What did you do for slippers?" I asked, knowing that only one man in a thousand would have the courage to wear the three sizes too small sizes footgear that Julian Eltinge does.

"We just took the largest size made and squeezed into that. And the heels——" One of them stuck out a manly foot, still encased in a pink satin pump, that in the enchantment of distance might have inspired some poetry about "the fall of fairy feet." "Any one of us," he said, "would have preferred doing the entire show on stilts!"

Our sailors make their début in skirts and bonnets—the pony ballet in "Biff-Bang." Messrs. McCauley, Washburn, Cavanaugh, Duggan, Lamont, Keyes, Murray, Knight, Cunningham, Fitzimmons, Pringle, Costello

The leading lady sauntered along, the heroine of one of those tales dear to the small-town girl. "Star overnight. Chosen from a thousand applicants. Never on the stage before." For Mr. King, waiting in line in hope of a showgirl part, had been spied far down toward the end, and put in the limelight at once.

"Biff-Bang" proved to be a real money-maker, and Lieutenant McCullogh, personally in charge of the company, told me that several of the Broadway managers literally begged Admiral Usher to book the boys for a long run.

But their purpose was to raise enough money to build a theatre at Pelham, and as this was practically accomplished by the opening night, it was a great concession of the authorities to allow the engagement to be extended as it was.

Photos Campbell

EDITH STOCKHAM

IRENE HAYES

MARTINE BURNLEY

DOROTHY KOFFE

LUCILLE DARLING

## PRETTY FACES BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS

UNDOUBTEDLY, the peg on which the drama—I mean musical-comedy—hangs in the good old summer time is the chorus girl. She holds the stage—providing she can be classed as a beauty—and lures the dollars from the tired business man into the willing box-office. Whenever there is a dull moment in the show, whenever the fun begins to pall, on trips the chorus girl, gaily bedecked, and the audience is put in good humor again. There is no doubt that she is a national institution, with her curls, her smiles and her gaiety. "Hitchy-Koo" has a bevy of beauties in its chorus. Perhaps that's one of the reasons for its success.

# A WAR MINSTREL

*How Lieut. Gitz Rice composed songs to the accompaniment of the enemy's guns*

*By* C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

STRIKE up the Jass Band! Send your flags flying and shout your bravos. A hero has come back to us an dis no wrecruiting for our government—Lieutenant Gitz Rice, who volunteered in 1914 and went with the first Canadian Contingent to help push back the ferocious Hun. His battery consisted of one hundred and fifty men, and he is one of the seven survivors. "Over There" three years—and back with a smile!

The boys called him the Joker of Flanders. He was forever getting up concerts and producing skits, and writing foolish songs for them. "It's surprising," he claims, "what a hunger for amusement they have. Theirs is an insatiable thirst. It was nothing for the men to hike twenty or thirty miles to be entertained.

"Once I managed to get some old Charlie Chaplin reels and played them in a tumbled-down barn. We attached the projection machine to the motor of one of our trucks, as we had no other electricity; and would you believe it, we were compelled to show those pictures over and over again, as the soldiers had tramped from miles around to witness the fun.

"When the chaps got what they wanted, they would not let it go. I remember one fortunate night, when the late Captain Vernon Castle had arranged a concert for his Flying Squadron at Bailleul (since taken by the Huns) and the fellows kept him playing the drums for over three hours. At performances like this, or at any amateur vaudeville affairs we got up ourselves, it was considered the usual thing to start at eight o'clock and sing *'Good-night Ladies'* at daybreak.

"They loved music. But they went to extremes. They would become enrapt in 'Pagliacci' and selections from 'Carmen' or they would enthuse over a little, funny song. And although they could not tolerate slush, they liked the simple ballads about home fires, and pals they left behind."

Lieut. Rice has written the most popular songs of the trenches; and has sung them to the troops in the lines in Flanders and France. So important were these cheering services regarded, that his piano, discovered and taken at Ypres, was borne on a big wagon and taken by him through all the Canadian lines, by order of the Commanding Officer.

Back with a smile? Well, rather! Lieut. Gitz Rice's laugh is the acme of Lieut. Gitz Rice. It's contagious. It's his personal souvenir of the war.

"In my existence of twenty-seven years," he beams, "I never was healthier; never happier; and certainly never more crowded with so many humorous recollections. I don't mean, of course, that this inferno is a jolly picnic. It isn't. It is dogged and hellish business. But—it is making the words about the silver-lined-cloud ring true.

"It is turning out music. It is making a new, true Art, because of the reality heretofore lacking; and it will produce literature—real war literature. So far, your great book or books have not been written. Your wonderful poetry is still unmetered. Your big song has yet to come. *"Over There"* is a corker. It is full of Yankee spirit. But it tells that the Yanks are coming and not what they have done. It is *"Over Here's"* point of view. The label of New York stamps it; and it will take the man who has been there, acted there, and felt there, to express the sentiment of the American Forces.

"The war is going to produce things worth while. Besides, it is going to develop latent talent.

"The news reporter won't be able to turn out the true book of the war, and the current playwright will be handicapped at dramatizing the real play. It will be the little, unassuming fellow—one of the millions of fighters—who will do the big thing. He may never have written a line before in his life, but—he has seen and suffered; and he has been so impressed that what he is going to put into notes, or phrases, or splashes of color, will be an exact reproduction, with not too little reality, and too much exaggeration.

"Out There," was a dear, humane play because it was written by one who knew. J. Hartley Manners and his wife, Laurette Taylor, had been at the Base in Cliveden, England, and had seen the 'aunted Annie fussing around the beds. There honestly was a pessimistic Irishman who wanted bonbons, and a Canadian who demanded cigars, and a Lady From 'ell who cried for his bonnet.

"Getting Together" is not a sensational masterpiece, but it, also, is true to life. The scene of No Man's Land and the dilapidated French village are reproduced exactly as men who had been there, saw them. Most of the characters in it are chaps who actually lived the rôles they portray.

"People have asked me if I wrote *'Keep Your Head Down Fritzie Boy'* while under rapid fire, and *'We Beat You at the Marne'* during an air raid. Indeed not. I am no wonder! But we didn't fight all the time in the trenches. There were long, lagging weeks, in which the hours hung heavily on our hands. I wrote songs because I had nothing else with which to occupy my time. Scribbling away was the only thing on which I could depend for diversion. It took this bally scrap to develop talent which I never knew I had. I am just a product of the war."

The verification of his statement lies in his biography, previous to his enlistment. Gitz Rice was born in Nova Scotia and educated in Montreal. Educated—in the general sense of the word—you know, when alluding to tall, fair, sanguine lads, tingling with real, red blood! There were elementary school, and High School, and a taste of college, of course. Good old families from good old Montreal, always believed in doing things in the good old way. But that could not prevent Gitzie Boy from keeping one eye on his books and the other on the athletic field.

He had been a great one for sports. Besides his captured Germans' buttons, he can show you medals for swimming, cups for golf, and trophies for hockey, basketball and football. He was president of The Montreal Athletic Association. In fact, it was after a dinner given by this club, one evening, that he and fifty-three of its other members volunteered to go at once with the First Canadian Contingent.

Lieut. Rice's mother and father were esthetically inclined. They were seriously interested in music and practiced photography, although they never commercialized their art. When their little boy was ten years old, they realized that his piano-playing was something unusual, and they were not taken wholly unawares the day he came home and told them that the old teacher in school wasn't going to play the organ anymore, because the boys had demanded that he, Gitz, take his place, and give them some—here's where the word really originated—"pep" with which to march into assembly.

Later, when Montreal contemplated giving a concert, it always called upon Gitz Rice—not only to entertain, but also to get together the other performers, and if needs be, train them. When any charity affairs were given, the programs usually read: "Written, produced, staged, directed and acted by Gitz Rice." Oh! Montreal was a gay town in those days, with one Mr. Rice at the head of all the entertainments!

However, even in those garrulous times, he had never tried to compose music and had never imagined himself writing verses. If, then, he had made any effort to look ahead and fathom this song, both words and music, attached to his name, it would have seemed "A Long Way to Tipperary."

*There is a call resounding now; you hear it everywhere,*
*In every town and square,*
*It comes from Over There.*
*The U. S. A. is in the fight and you know what that means—*
*That every lad is joining, from the North to New Orleans.*
*If you can't wear a uniform, there's one thing to do:*
*Don't ever quit!*
*Just do your bit!*
*You know it's up to you.*

CHORUS:

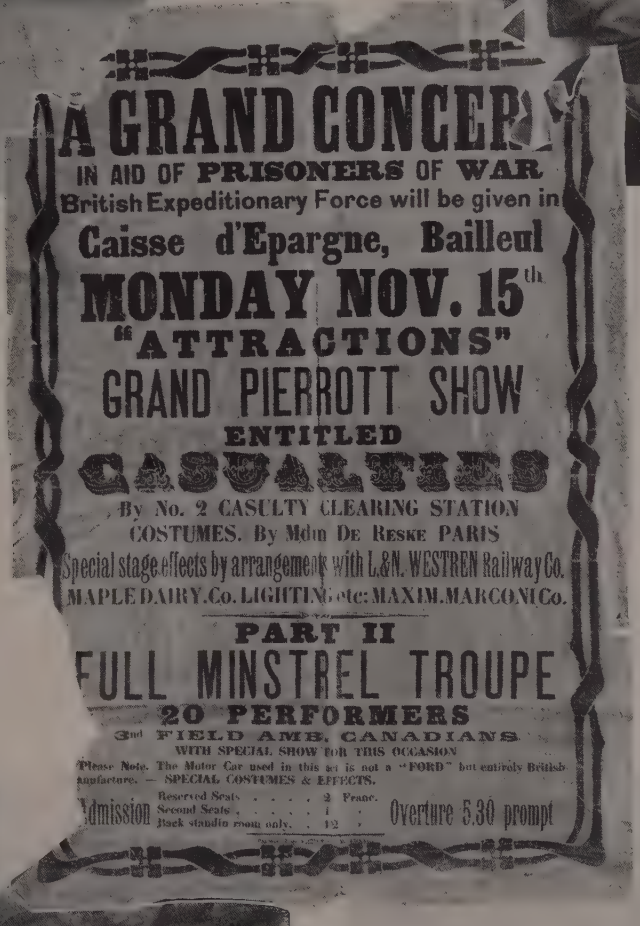
*You've got to go in or go under,*
*You've got to be going all day.*
*We know you're not in khaki or in blue,*
*But you're as big a man, and you've a job to do.*
*In Flanders they're calling for soldiers;*
*They're calling for you and for me*
*If you can't come along,*
*Back us up good and strong,*
*And we'll drive them back to Germany.*

*Every day some thousand soldiers sail across the sea,*
*To fight for you and me,*
*To save Democracy.*
*The men who can't go over can do something, never fear;*
*They all can volunteer, to lick the Germans here.*
*Pro-Germans are a danger; they are lurking at our door.*
*So wake up, now, America, we've got to win this war!*

Gitz Rice as a private (June, 1915) at Bailleul, France

LIEUT. GITZ RICE

Ypres, June, 1915. Gitz Rice, and three of his pals, who, since then, have all been wounded and appointed Lieutenants. They are, Thomas Patterson, H. Black, Willard Price and Gitz Rice


A GRAND CONCERT
IN AID OF PRISONERS OF WAR
British Expeditionary Force will be given in
Caisse d'Epargne, Bailleul
MONDAY NOV. 15th
"ATTRACTIONS"
GRAND PIERROTT SHOW
ENTITLED
CASUALTIES
By No. 2 CASULTY CLEARING STATION
COSTUMES. By Mdm DE RESKE PARIS
Special stage effects by arrangements with L.&N. WESTREN Railway Co.
MAPLE DAIRY Co. LIGHTING etc: MAXIM. MARCONI Co.
PART II
FULL MINSTREL TROUPE
20 PERFORMERS
3rd FIELD AMB. CANADIANS
WITH SPECIAL SHOW FOR THIS OCCASION
Please Note. The Motor Car used in this act is not a "FORD" but entirely British manfacture. — SPECIAL COSTUMES & EFFECTS.
Admission
Reserved Seats . . . . 2 Francs.
Second Seats . . . . 1 "
Back standin room only. . 1/2 "
Overture 5.30 prompt

Centre
Poster put up along the trenches to advertise Gitz Rice's Pierrot Show

In the front line, machine gun ready. This picture was taken of one of Gitz Rice's closest pals, Lieut. Norman Edwards, (Canadian Princess Patricia Regiment) the day before he was killed

First line trench with No Man's Land in the background. Notice the rum jar

# THEATRICALS IN THE TRENCHES

# NEW ORLEANS' FIRST THEATRE

*By* ROZEL GOTTHOLD

THE other day I stood before the wide, dark alleyway at one end of an alluring old house, down in St. Peter Street, in the *vieux carré* of New Orleans. At the rear of the passage, I could just see two newel posts, which told of a double stairway; and out in the courtyard, in the rays of the brilliant sunshine, played several, grinning little negroes.

It was a good combination of past and present, too good to resist, so I stepped into the darkness. After a few paces, I came to the stairway. It was a beautiful thing, with low, broad stairs leading up on each side of the alley to the floor above.

I ran my hand lightly along the smooth, old rail, as I went quickly up the stairs, and I found myself in a perfectly clean, bare hall, having narrow boards, and lighted fully by three beautiful old Spanish windows, the framework of which was still there, although much of the glass was gone. There was a small partition at one end of the hall, with an open door. I peeped through and saw an iron cookstove on which was a pot of gumbo, sending out its savory odor. A kitchen table filled another corner; and on the wall behind me, I saw, when I passed through the door, a layer of newspaper, upon which hung all sorts of kitchen utensils, on large nails.

It was so strange to see such warm, simple evidences of human life in this shell of a long-dead past. What sort of person could make this place into a home? And who could set an iron cookstove in the light of the old Spanish window that illumined the hall of—the first French theatre in New Orleans?

AS I stood there, wondering, from the darkness of the inside room came a woman of middle age, a mulatto, with the soft, smooth, golden skin of her people. She had few wrinkles, in spite of her years, jet black hair neatly combed and worn high, and in her small ears, long earrings; and those great, prominent ox eyes, which stamp so many of her race with an air of patience and resignation.

She showed me her home. It was sparsely furnished, but very neat and clean. There were two large rooms, having that beautiful, comfortable proportion which the Spaniards so easily achieved. The walls were stained with time, and the woodwork was painted over with ugly brown and yellow color. The doors were beautiful, half wood, half glass, having oblong iron knobs, and interesting long, iron latches which lifted when the knobs were turned.

In the front room, I looked out upon the gallery which looked in turn upon St. Peter Street, and the heart of New Orleans history.

Once more I came out into the improvised kitchen. It was so very strange to see the steam of a savory pot of gumbo rising through the dust of over a century. It was so extraordinary to view the simple, domestic stage settings of the every-day life of a mulatto woman, on the very spot where ages ago Molière's "Le Misanthrope" was played before the most brilliant audiences in America. And it was still more remarkable to realize how fate had placed in the old, dead shell, this loving memento of that too gay past.

I did not disguise the fact from myself that I wished I might ask her hundreds of questions, but she wanted to finish the gumbo. I stood there watching her stir in the crabs and shrimps, for awhile, until the rays of the Western sun, which came through the beautiful window, warned me that I must go.

She glanced up at me. "I bin here fifteen years," she said. "Hit was de ole teayter."

"Yes," I said. "It's beautiful. Some day I shall come again," and I went slowly down the steps, thinking of this newest, simplest drama of life, nestling under the roof of the old "Théâtre St. Pierre."

It is the first theatre built in New Orleans. That means the little building, down in St. Peter

Courtyard of New Orleans' first theatre as it looks to-day

Street, in the *vieux carré,* is backed by about one hundred and twenty or more years of real American tradition, in which the love of the drama stood vividly alongside of the love of the church.

The first troupe of actors appeared in the year 1791. They were refugees from the island of St. Domingo, in the West Indies, who, together with many others, had fled from the cruelties of the infuriated blacks. They began to give plays wherever they could, finally opening in the little theatre in St. Peter Street. Here they continued to present the drama, until 1810, when the building was put up at auction.

The "first French theatre" is a Spanish building, of stucco, in beautiful pink and yellow tints, painted by time. It is a two-story house, with several long windows and doors in street façade, all protected by heavy wooden shutters. Along the length of the house, on the upper floor, runs a narrow gallery, having an iron railing, very simple in type, but agreeable, as are all the accessories of Spanish architecture.

The Spaniards came to New Orleans about the middle of the eighteenth century, when Louis XV and La Pompadour were ruling France. At that time de Choiseul, the Prime Minister, made a neat little deal, turning Louisiana over to the King of Spain. Then New Orleans rose up and straightway became in spirit a strictly American city, although she had no idea of any such thing at the time. For she had the bravery not only to be indignant, but to express her indignation at a public meeting, in which a resolution was passed showing reasons why the King of France should not cut her adrift. They sent the petition to France, but it was tied up in one of those well-known, political, devious paths, and the King never even saw it.

The Spaniard came. The governor was expelled, politely but firmly, by a people who thought they preferred loyalty to France. The second Spanish envoy, not however a Spaniard, executed the men who were responsible for his predecessor's withdrawal. But finally he sailed away, and his officers were left to govern the colony. They were rather more endowed with heart, which they allowed to lead them straight to the love of the French ladies of New Orleans, and then and there began the production of that brilliant colonial society which was the admiration and delight of many a European traveler.

Now came the year 1788, with a disastrous fire which swept out the *vieux carré.* Then under Miro, the Spanish governor of the time, it was rebuilt. That is why there are so many Spanish buildings to be seen in New Orleans, and that is why the "first French theatre" is of this type.

IT sprang to life in stirring times. The drama of the world, then as now, was called "Liberty." The United States of America was a pretty well established fact; and the strains of the *"Marseillaise"* were floating across the Atlantic from blood-drenched France.

The governor faced a beautiful situation. Before him he saw colonists, who supposedly belonged to his own country, but who at heart, ever since they were given away by their king, were filled with the zeal of republicanism. Over a hundred of them had the audacity to sign a petition asking the protection of the republic. The interior of the little playhouse rang to the strains of all the revolutionary music of the times. *"La Liberté"* of France and the American goddess of liberty had touched spirit in the very streets of New Orleans, where were already to be seen the vanguard of that modern, alert type, the American business man, who had come down to New Orleans to open offices and mercantile enterprises in the Rue Chartres.

A stone's throw away from the "Théâtre St. Pierre" flowed the glistening Mississippi, lazy and golden in the sunshine. It was the city's artery of life. Down its length from Ohio and Kentucky and Pennsylvania, and the rich states of that section, came new inhabitants for New Orleans, and up from its mouth came the settlers from the islands of the West Indies. The current of pleasure, excitement and love of the drama took them straight to the doors of the little old playhouse—and there, night after night were to be seen such rapidly increasing audiences that the house had to be enlarged. In 1803, so tradition says, they were playing "Richard, Cœur de Lion" and "Pizarre."

That was the year of the Louisiana purchase, when Jefferson, by his transfer of fifteen millions of good American dollars to the great, little Napoleon, labelled Louisiana once for all, truly American.

The famous Blue Devils of France

*Photos Pell Mitchell*

Kay Laurell, of "The Follies," as America

Photographing the parade for the Gaumont Company and the THEATRE MAGAZINE

George Renavent (extreme right) as Rouget de Lisle singing the Marseillaise

## THE THEATRE REPRESENTED IN GREAT JULY FOURTH PARADE

# TYPES—

## MARILYNN MILLER
## JEUNE FILLE OF THE FOLLIES

By ANNE ARCHBALD

BEING *jeune fille* of the Follies means a little more than just being *jeune fille*. One is a young girl to be sure, but not at all an average one. There is added, besides the sheer youth and charm and simplicity of the type, a poise, a vivacity, a dash of spice and salt—like the spice and salt that are added to rose leaves to bring out and enhance all their native fragrance. It means that if you have naturally curly and golden hair it will be a little more golden and curling than other hair; that your grey-green eyes will have more of a come-hither light lurking in them, that your smile will be sweeter. (Miss Miller has the rather unusual phenomenon of a dimpled smile without the actual dimples.) Finally, being a Follies' *jeune fille* represents extraordinary achievement, the result of a maximum of individuality and hard work. In these pictures you may observe some of that individuality which is as apparent in Miss Miller's choice of costume as it is in her stage work.

*A frock made up of the rather unusual combination of white organdie and blue batiste over pink satin. The white organdie forms the top part of the skirt, the bottom of the sleeves and the body of the fichu; the blue batiste a deep hem on the skirt, the top of the bodice and the little flutings that you see. The joining where the blue and white materials come together is covered with hand embroidery in pastel shades. As to the halo for this piquant angel it is of pink georgette with baby ribbon of velvet in blue and pale blue flowers around the edge of the brim*

*Photo Ira L. Hill*

*This negligée in which Miss Miller attacks her morning mail and her toast and coffee is the proper type for any independent jeune fille to open her morning with. It is of pink charmeuse with a little jacket of palest blue with a border of the pink hemstitched on the blue. There are blue bows on the trousers, pink on the sleeves, and a combination blue and pink one at the neck and waist line,—and the mules are of pink silk crochet*

(Left) Start with me from the bottom and work up, beginning with Miss Miller's ineffable dancing feet, to which I wish to call your attention, adorably clad in black satin ties with flat heels, specially made for her, and black silk openwork stockings. Above these there is the smart tailleur, an ideal model for the jeune fille, of tan gabardine with its blouse of pink georgette shirred simply on cords at neck and wrists. Topping all a dark blue straw turban with a ribbon and feather sprays of old blue. You will note the prevalence in Miss Miller's costumes of the pastel shades, tan, pink, blue, true young girl colors

The pink frock of the Follies, in which "Marilynn" creates such havoc with the hearts of the audience. A charming model for the parties of any jeune fille, it is of pink silk net with pink satin ribbon flutings, the ribbon edged with a fine line of sparkling silver beading. The under petticoat, which shows in the dance, is of pink satin with a finely pleated lace frill trimmed with pastel-colored satin flowers, a pink, a blue, a yellow, a lavender, glimpsed through the net. The slippers are of white and silver brocade with large square brilliant buckles

*Even flappers must be chic for midnight spreads. And since the stage has decreed pajamas to be the thing, nothing but pajamas for her, whether they are the real original model in pink or blue soisette, or a more feminine and luxurious version in pink silk with blue bows, or a dainty, simple and inexpensive style in pink batiste. From Altman's*

# I HELP TO OUTFIT A FLAPPER FOR SCHOOL

**By ANGELINA**

CERTAINLY retrenching is the proper and patriotic thing to do, Cousin Grace," I said, "if you retrench in the right way."

We were four around the lunch table at the Vanderbilt, Cousin Grace, young Muriel, Mother and I. Cousin Grace had just brought Muriel to town to outfit her for her first going away to school. Poor dear!

* * *

I say "poor dear," not because of the school, but because Muriel was in such a pathetically dejected state, almost in tears in fact. Cousin Grace in her determination to practice the most rigid war economy was insisting on eliminating several things from the outfit list that it seemed to Muriel she just couldn't do without and go on living. You know how it is at the flapper age—which is what I suppose would be designated as Muriel's, anyway the tag end of it. I haven't been graduated from the period so long myself that I can't remember distinctly how I used to feel, how absolutely vital the acquisition of certain garments and "properties" were to me then. You just can't hold up your head and face the world till you have them.

* * *

So I was inclined to be quite in sympathy with Muriel. Besides she's really a dear little flapper, an individual type, with an amusing short but very straight little nose and grey-green eyes, (a young sailor boy ashore who had seen the Follies, she confided to me, told her that she reminded him of Marilynn Miller: she was frightfully thrilled over it) and she professes to admire me and my general get-ups tremendously, and one is bound to be flattered by that. Considering all of which I took up the cudgels for her. And then it's what I really believe, too, from my actual experience, and I've surely a better chance of judging than most. I repeated firmly:

".....if you retrench in the right way."

"What do you think *is* the right way, Angelina?" asked Cousin Grace. She said it in a perfectly nice way. Not at all supercilious or anything, but as if she really wanted to hear.

* * *

"Well," I plunged in, "it's a large and complicated problem, but if you like, here are some of the things I think about it, rather jumbly perhaps, but—— In the first place I thought we'd all agreed that it isn't retrenching in the right way if we make ourselves look any the less pleasing in appearance. I'm not advocating luxury or extravagance, mind. But I've talked this over with Edwin and so many of the men and I know how much they appreciate our keeping fresh and pretty and smart for them. Even in the matter of uniforms, the men tell me, they do so like to see the women in the later ones

(*Concludeed on page* 108)

*A whole wardrobe can be built up from separate skirts if you can rely on a shop that will furnish you with those that are well cut and hung. These four are not only well, but beautifully cut and hung and of original pattern. The two "end men" are of organdie, a new idea for separate skirts, made in different pastel shades with wide and narrow tucks respectively: the left middle skirt is a green and blue Scotch plaid: and the right middle of crêpe de chine with bias folds of satin. Write Angelina and she will tell you where she found them*

# Men Over Draft Age

## Actors, Artists, Musicians

The younger men of your city have been called to the army.

Thousands of them are already in the trenches—fighting for you and yours.

Now you, the older men, the steadier men, are needed behind the lines "over there"—

To help these boys keep cheerful, comfortable—maintain their *fighting morale,* indispensable to Victory!

Do you see what a big job it is? Big enough for the biggest men in U. S. A.!

That's why the Government wants you, Pershing wants you, the boys in Khaki want you "over there"—now!

4000 of you—over draft age—to wear the Red Triangle in France—actors, business men and executives, men who can run cars, athletes, social secretaries, hut secretaries—all are wanted.

# Will You Go To France?

*For full particulars see* MR. E. D. POUCH
*347 Madison Avenue*

*This space contributed for the Winning of the War by*

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

# UNUSUAL NEWS *of* THE NEW COATS

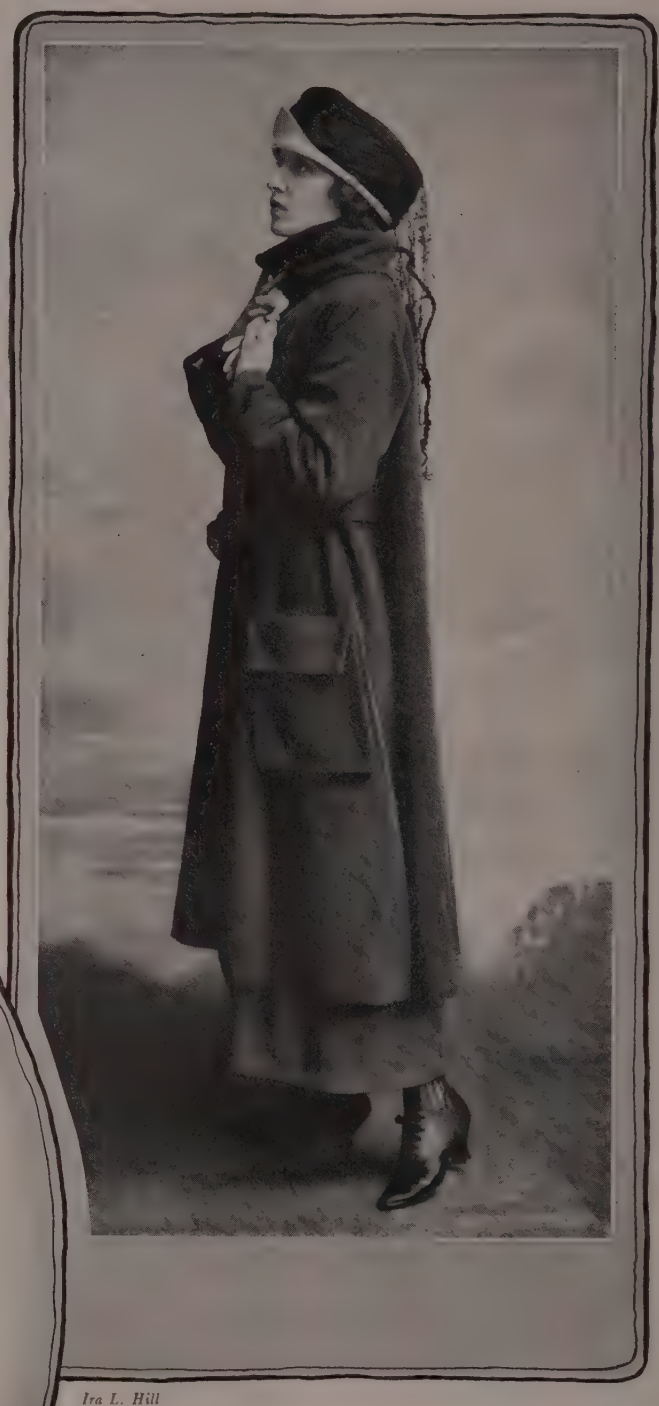
***Wooltex Tempts One to Conserve; Creating Coats of Rare Fabrics At Prices That Reward Foresight***

AUGUST 12th is the date to remember. Then, in nearly a hundred shops, these charming Coats will lead one to marvel that they could have been produced, in view of the serious wool shortage.

You will find new Motor Coats and Outing Coats made of such precious materials as all-wool Camelette, Duvet de Laine, Evora, Velour de Kashmir, Crystal Cord, Worumbo Tussok, Bolivia.

Wooltex bought these all-wool fabrics months ago, before Army needs made *all-*

*Ira L. Hill*



*Ira L. Hill*

Alice Joyce has recently returned to the screen more popular, if possible, than ever. She is wearing a Wooltex creation designed especially as a conservation garment—slender in line, all-wool—and suited most happily to her busy comings and goings. What is this coat made of?—Evora Cloth to be sure—the new and beautiful fabric which comes in such charming shades as Twilight, Bison, Frambois and Hay.

Marilynn Miller runs no risk of disappointing her delighted audiences for she hides herself from the chill of August evenings in this comfy Wooltex Outing Coat of wood-brown Suede Velour. New York is her proper setting and we see this charming dancer at her best in the "Follies of 1918".

*Ira L. Hill*

Gail Kane, *the woman* in "When Men Betray". But we can see her too in another successful role, taking the part of the good American and setting an example of war-time thrift by wearing this charming Wooltex creation of warmth-without-weight Evora Cloth in the new brown shade.

Hazel Dawn, long to be remembered as the "Pink Lady" and now appearing in the leading role in "Dolly of the Follies". Her selection of this stunning Wooltex Motor Coat may well be taken as a hint that Evora Cloth is as good for Fall as it is rare and that a fancy Batik Silk lining is a thing to be dreamed of.

wool a thing much desired but seldom had. Neither love nor money will buy some of them today. Even Wooltex has but a limited supply.

On these pages are a few of the advance Wooltex models to be offered August 12th.

Notice in these Coats the cloth-saving slender silhouette; the designs that are smart, different, but not wasteful. Each model a happy style solution of conservation.

Through your influence they can establish early in the season the keynote of fashions.

By example, you can show patriotic women how conservation can be charming —and practical.

With Fall just a step ahead, one must plan quickly. The important thing is to buy early. Good coats cannot long be had at such advantage.

August 12th is the date to remember.

***At These Stores and Many Others***

BROOKLYN
**FRED. LOESER & CO., INC.**
ST. LOUIS, MO.
**SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT, BARNEY CO.**
CLEVELAND, O.
**THE LINDNER CO.**
PITTSBURGH, PA.
**JOSEPH HORNE CO.**
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
**ESPENHAINS**
CINCINNATI, O.
**THE DENTON CO.**
WASHINGTON, D. C.
**FRANK R. JELLEFF, INC.**
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
**H. P. WASSON & CO.**
DENVER, COLO.
**DENVER DRY GOODS CO.**
COLUMBUS, O.
**THE CLEMENS-RICE CO.**
TOLEDO, O.
**THE PARSONS GARMENT CO.**
ATLANTA, GA.
**DAVISON-PAXON-STOKES CO.**
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
**THE W. I. ADDIS CO.**
DAYTON, O.
**THE JOHNSTON-SHELTON CO.**
OMAHA, NEB.
**THE HOUSE OF MENAGH**
AKRON, O.
**THE WADSWORTH CO.**
YOUNGSTOWN, O.
**THE FRANCE-DEVIN CO.**
WILKES-BARRE, PA.
**Mac WILLIAMS**
HAGERSTOWN, MD.
**LEITER BROS.**
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
**THE KERR DRY GOODS CO.**

NEW YORK **The H Black Co** CLEVELAND

**Makers of Wooltex Coats and Suits For Young Women**

# Sonora
## Chippendale Art Model

IN the Period Designs Sonora has reproduced the masterpieces of the greatest makers of furniture.

However it must never be forgotten that in the Sonora, the cabinet of extraordinary merit is only one part of a phonograph of wonderful perfection.

The Sonora plays all disc records without extra attachments and is famous for its tone of incomparable beauty.

Examine these magnificent models:

| | |
|---|---|
| Gothic | William & Mary |
| Chinese Chippendale | Adam |
| Louis XV | Colonial |
| Louis XVI | Duncan Phyfe |
| Jacobean | |

Other Styles Made to Special Order

*"The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World"*

**Sonora Phonograph Sales Company, INC.**

GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, Pres.

Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. New York

# HELP OUTFIT A FLAPPER

(*Continued from page* 104.)

that have been made for them, the light blues and grey with enlivening bits of color instead of those heavy stuffy unrelieved and unbecoming khaki things and the sombre dark blue.

"Now is the chance of a lifetime to see how much artistic effect we can achieve with how little. The French women are so wonderful. Look at what they do to keep up the morale with their specially designed "bomb-proof" gowns and chic boots for the cellars in times of air raids, the artistic little silk and cretonne cases to carry their *'pain de guerre'* in when dining out, the gay boxes for their allotment of sugar. As we haven't so far had to take care of any of those added war problems we ought so much the more hold up our end in other matters."

"The way I look at it as it particularly concerns Muriel, Cousin Grace," I continued, "is that she will be meeting the army and navy during holidays and week-ends and that even if she is a schoolgirl she is entitled to maintain the morale as well as the rest of us."

You can imagine how ecstatically pleased Muriel was during all this, especially as Cousin Grace let me go on and have my say without a word of interruption or protest.

"And as to the crêpe de chine underwear"—this was one of the hotly contested points between Muriel and Cousin G.—"that Muriel has set her heart on, and that you think unnecessarily extravagant for a schoolgirl I think the point might be stretched and she might be allowed to have one of each. Of course this doesn't apply to Muriel, but it's in line for us . . . really for so many of the women I know, bachelor girls and artists and actresses who go out on tour with stage productions or for 'location' for the screen, crêpe de chine lingérie in the end more than pays its own way, because it can be washed and ironed with an electric iron so quickly by oneself. Any soft silk fabric when it comes to cleansing is so much more of a labor saving device than a so-called serviceable thick cotton one, besides which it requires no starch. (Also you're saving on cotton.) Mother and I help out the maids frequently doing up a 'chimmie' ourselves. And that's another way of retrenching.

*A smock blouse for a flapper—and for all other ages to whom it is becoming—in voile of either pink or blue, embroidered in the same color, fine tucks running down the front and a white organdie collar*

"Still another is to have some consideration for the stores. You don't want to put them out of business altogether. They're really doing everything they can to help the great business of conservation. They should be co-operated with, instead of given the cold shoulder."

And here Cousin Grace seeming entirely impressed and chastened with what I had said did interrupt.

"Do you think then you could take us around to some of the shops Angelina, and help out in our problems, show us what would be smart and not expensive, how to get the effect of much from little that you mentioned? Anything that you sponsored I'm sure would meet with Muriel's entire approval."

"I know I can," I said, "and I should love to."

* * * *

I led them first to a shop on the Avenue where I had glimpsed some really remarkable separate skirts, so unusual in cut and material and variety that their possibilities leaped at me at once. I decided then and there that I could concoct an entire flapper wardrobe, or-any-other-age at the minimum of expense and expedition, with their assistance. With a skirt well cut and hung all ready to your hand half your battle is already won.

First in the separate skirts for novelty were those of organdie, in all the pastel shades, with tucks arranged variously, two large tucks hemstitched in or small tucks grading up from the hem, and little pointed-end sashes. The organdie was of a very soft voile-like quality I insisted on one of those for Muriel, in white. Worn with one of her thin batiste or organdie blouses it will make the most charming flapper frock for hot days in August and September, and with a little short puffed sleeve and round necked organdie bodice an ideal dress for Saturday evening dances at school.

## THE ASSURANCE OF PERFECT GROOMING

Never before has Dame Fashion demanded such perfect grooming as now. The effect of the sheer organdie or georgette gown may be completely spoiled, if superfluous hair is not removed from the arms and armpits. X-BAZIN, the famous depilatory will do this in five minutes effectively, painlessly, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Order today (50c and $1.00) from your druggist or department store—or we will mail to you direct on receipt of price.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc.
Mfrs.
215 Washington St. New York

X-Bazin

## How to remove hair in 5 minutes

Pour only enough powder into the bowl for immediate use.

Add a little water.

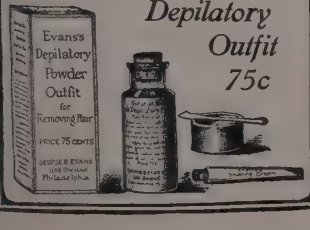
Work the depilatory and water into a smooth, thick paste with the horn spoon.

Spread the paste evenly and thickly over the hair. Leave it on a few moments.

Then wash it off and apply Evans's Soothing Cream. Your druggist sells this too. The skin stays hair-free and velvety smooth for a long time

At drug or department stores or send 75c with the order direct to George B Evans 1103 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

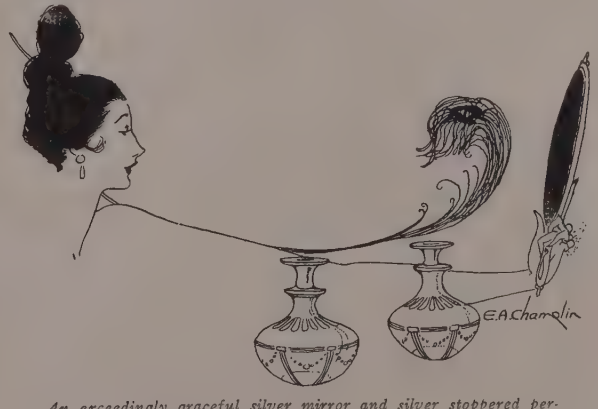
*Evans's Depilatory Outfit 75c*



# The VANITY BOX

IF there is any one month in the year more than another that is associated with baths and bathing whether as an indoor or an outdoor sport it is August, isn't it? A high temperature is August's average and a "blizzard of heat" is sure to be added somewhere during its run. And when that happens, whether we are in town or at the shore we all become for the time being in a class with the Japanese to whom their daily bath is such a vital necessity that if they must choose between food and a bath they will choose the latter. Everybody in Japan, high or low, rich or poor, expects to take at least one bath a day, regardless of Augusts, or blizzards of either heat or cold. And that bath is a matter of at least an hour's time, sometimes much ceremony, and always an immense amount of scrubbing. That any person can consume less than a full sixty minutes in the operation and be decent they think an utter impossibility. The morning cold water splash that the English pride themselves on they regard as beneath contempt and our American fashion of plunging into a tub and hastily emerging from its soap-filled water without even a rinse, dressing and going into society, with horror and abomination.

A happy medium lies between the excessive meticulousness of the Japanese type of bath and the more casual American one, the beautiful Madame Irene Bordoni of the 1918 version of "Hitchy-Koo" thought, when appealed to on the subject in her dressing-room behind the scenes. Madame Bordoni is the possessor of a




*An exceedingly graceful silver mirror and silver stoppered perfume bottles—every up-to-date woman has at least two perfumes to her personality—that were seen on Miss Ruby De Remer's dressing table, and whose pattern is kept in stock at Reed & Barton's, we were told*

very wonderful skin, a skin of marvellous whiteness and smoothness and fineness of grain, a skin whose quality is as beautiful on her lovely arms and neck as it is on her face itself. And if you fancy that is a usual occurrence you have only to take another look around.

Bathing is part of the answer—that is bathing properly. "We take the bath more seriously in France" said Madame Bordoni in her delightful French-tinged English, "we treat it with more ceremony, as you suggest do the Japanese and, if I may be permitted to add, more artistically. You Americans are in such a hurry. Everything must be quick, quick! And it is made so easy for you, you all have your own individual little white tubs, and you have only to turn on the tap at any hour of the day or night to have a


# Unfreckled Flawless Complexions

DO you envy those women whose complexions do not stain or freckle in the summer sun? It seems to have no effect on their skin texture.

They no longer worry, no longer need dodge the sun.

They enjoy every sort of outdoor sport without fear of tanning and freckling.

They found a wonderful preventive of sun stains and freckles.

They visited Mme. Rubinstein, the world famed Beauty Culturist, as have many thousands of women abroad. She treated their complexions, advised them as to its care during the summer and gave them some of her wonderful Beauty preparations.

No longer envy these women—visit Mme. Rubinstein yourself. A few of her many marvellous Valaze specialties especially adapted for summer's use are listed below, including a famous cream to be used in case you have already carelessly allowed your skin to freckle or burn.

**VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD** expels all impurities of the skin, clears the pores, imparts beauty and softness; wards off wrinkles and crow's-feet. Valaze repairs the daily beauty wastage, removing freckles and tan and dispels the tanning and staining effects of sunburn. Valaze restores and preserves the natural beauty of the skin. Price $1.25, $2.25 and $6.50.

**VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION**—Used with Valaze Skinfood will insure quicker and better results. A splend'd anti-wrinkle lotion. Price $1.25, $2.50.

**FOR A DRY SKIN** the "Special" is used. $2.50, $4.40.

**VALAZE LIQUIDINE**—Quite mystifying in its action of overcoming oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and undue flushing of nose and face. Also reduces enlarged pores and blackheads. Price $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00.

**VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE**—Refines coarse skin texture, removes blackheads and reduces enlarged pores. Is used in place of soap. Price $1.10, $2.10 and $5.50.

**VALAZE BEAUTY FOUNDATION CREME** for a greasy skin. Conceals tan, freckles and other skin blemishes. Whitens and bleaches. Price $1, $2, $3 and upwards.

**NOVENA SUNPROOF CREME**—A unique preparation, the secret of which is known only to Madame Rubinstein. It *prevents* freckles and tanning by paralyzing the action of the sun's rays upon the skin. A little rubbed on the skin before going out enables you to enjoy every outdoor form of amusement, sea-bathing—and with no fear of ill effect to the complexion. It is guaranteed to be harmless, and may be used for children. It also forms a serviceable foundation for powder. $3.00, $5.00 a pot. Sample size $1.00.

**VALAZE OUTDOOR BALM ROSE** protects a dry skin from freckles, sunburn and tanning. Unequalled as an anti-wrinkle preparation and exquisite foundation for powder. Price $1.65, $3.30 and upwards.

**VALAZE SNOW LOTION,** a liquid powder and an indispensable beauty lotion for Summer. It soothes, refreshes and cools. Adheres firmly and invests face with exquisite softness of color. Price $1.25, $2.25 and $5.

**CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES,** natural face coloring. Mention whether for blonde or brunette. Price $1.00, $3.50 and upwards.

**VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER,** for greasy or normal skin. Price $1, $3, and $5.

**NOVENA POUDRE,** for dry skins. In five tints: flesh, rose, white, cream, and rachel. Price $1.00, $3.00 and $5.00.

**VALAZE COMPRESSED POWDER,** with puff and mirror, in dainty, convenient form for purse. Price 75c. each.

A copy of Mme. Rubinstein's suggestion book will be sent for three cents to cover postage.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
15 East 49th Street, N.Y.

PARIS
255 Rue St. Honoré

LONDON, W.
24 Grafton Street

1427 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.
Natatorium Bldg., Asbury Park, N. J.

**Chicago:** Mlle. Lola Beekman, 30 No. Michigan Ave.
**San Francisco:** Miss Ida Martin, 177 Post St.
**New Orleans:** Mrs. C. V. Butler, 8017 Zimple St.

*For sheen and softness*

Shampooing regularly with PACKER'S TAR SOAP protects the health of the scalp and brings out the beauty of the hair.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

*Cake and Liquid*



AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

*Franklin H. Sargent, President*

The standard institution of dramatic education for thirty-three years

*Detailed catalog from the Secretary*

ROOM 172, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies



"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

—use it after every bath

"Mum" neutralizes all body odors as they occur. Never interrupts natural functions. Harmless, stainless, beneficial. Lasts from bath to bath.

25c—at drug- and department-stores.

*"Mum" is a Trade Mark registered in U. S. Patent Office*

"Mum" Mfg Co 1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia



This is an advertisement of something that costs you nothing.

*Namely:* The latest edition of the Miniature LIFE, which is just out.

*Free:* For a good two-cent stamp for mailing, and your address.

This is a pocket edition of LIFE, printed in colors, full of the best things of LIFE.

LIFE, 28 West 31st Street, New York



THE EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING COMPANY

165 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

TELEPHONE 3880 BEEKMAN



Your Vacation Begins the Moment You Step Aboard

*The Ideal Tourist Route*

Picture to yourself the luxury of a magnificent, mammoth floating hotel, perfect in its comforts and conveniences, with staterooms de luxe, private baths and private balconies, appetizing meals, beautiful ballrooms, entrancing music. Enjoy the grandeur of the scenery on the historic Hudson revealed by the giant searchlight.

*The Largest River Steamships in the World* NEW YORK—ALBANY—TROY

Leave Pier 32, N. R., 6.00 P.M. Sundays and Holidays, 9.00 P.M. West 132d St., half hour later.

HUDSON NAVIGATION COMPANY

*"The Searchlight Route"* Telephone Canal 9000

*Irene Bordoni of "Hitchy-Koo 1918," who believes in the efficacy of the serious bath for creating and preserving a beautiful skin*

hot tub in a minute. So you are spoiled. Abroad where there are not so many bathrooms and so much hot water to the individual we have been trained to be less casual. And that is much better, better for the body and better for the soul, for the bath is for both.

"We soften our water always with bath crystals, with bath powders, with toilet waters, with prepared bags of brand and sachet. It is no need to speak of the reputation of our preparations for the bath. *Cela va sans dire!* Then we have all kinds of implements, of brushes and sponges, of bath towels to assist. I do not believe one can be really clean without them. It is not enough just to get into the natural, unsoftened water, to dash it over one, or give a hasty soap rub.

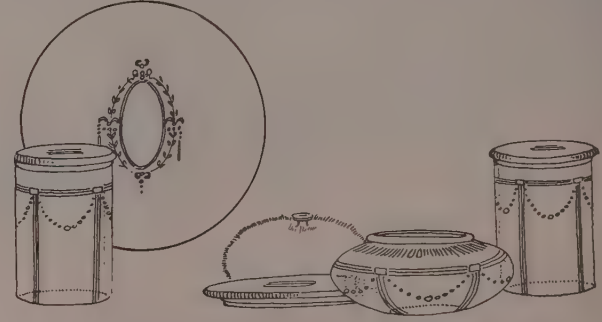
"I will tell you something for your readers who have the dry skin. Mine is naturally so—too dry. So I take and pour in my bath every so often, a what-you-say?"—making a pantomimic measuring gesture—"pint? Yes, a pint bottle of glycerine. That softens my skin wonderfully. And after the bath I massage in as well some of the glycerine."

And then it was time for Madame Bordoni to don the glistening, pailleted mermaid gown, that affords such a lovely contrast for her beautiful neck and arms and go out in front and give Raymond Hitchcock his nightly lesson in French diction. She departed throwing over her shoulder with her *"Bon soir"* a *"Vive le bain!"*

Madame Bordoni is right. We are too casual. Like Hermione we should take up bathing seriously. Not all of us can afford a quart of glycerine a week, nor imported bath crystals for softening the water, but there are excellent substitutes. One I know, most inexpensive—Boraxo, a combination of borax and a soupçon of powdered soap, delicately perfumed. Shaken into the water it softens and perfumes it. And, of course, there is nothing like borax for cleansing and healing qualities. The men working in the borax mines in the west always have the freshest and healthiest of skins, any cut or bruise healing almost immediately.

For sheer bath luxury I know of nothing better than Madame Rubinstein's Beauty Grains, that leave the skin so perfumed, so soft, so white: her Valaze Soap: her Valaze Bath Crystals; the esoteric and mysterious Voskpasta: and if one needs to lose weight the Valaze Reducing Soap and Reducing Jelly to be massaged into the skin after.

And for after-the-bath talcums we recommend the Borax Talcum, put up by the same firm as Boraxo—on the principle that you can't have too much of a good thing—and Talc Jonteel, deliciously fragrant and tonic—*and* inexpensive.



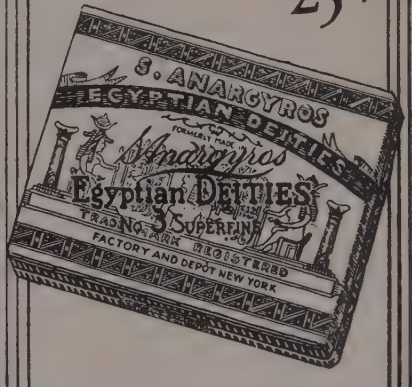
*Part of taking bathing seriously is to keep the bath crystals and powders in good humor by having artistic homes for them to live in. Reed & Barton suggest this set—the delicately scrolled pattern is shown in the medallion—of cut crystal and silver, sponsored by Miss Ruby de Remer, a former Follies' beauty*

EGYPTIAN
DEITIES
"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

*People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.*

Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

25¢



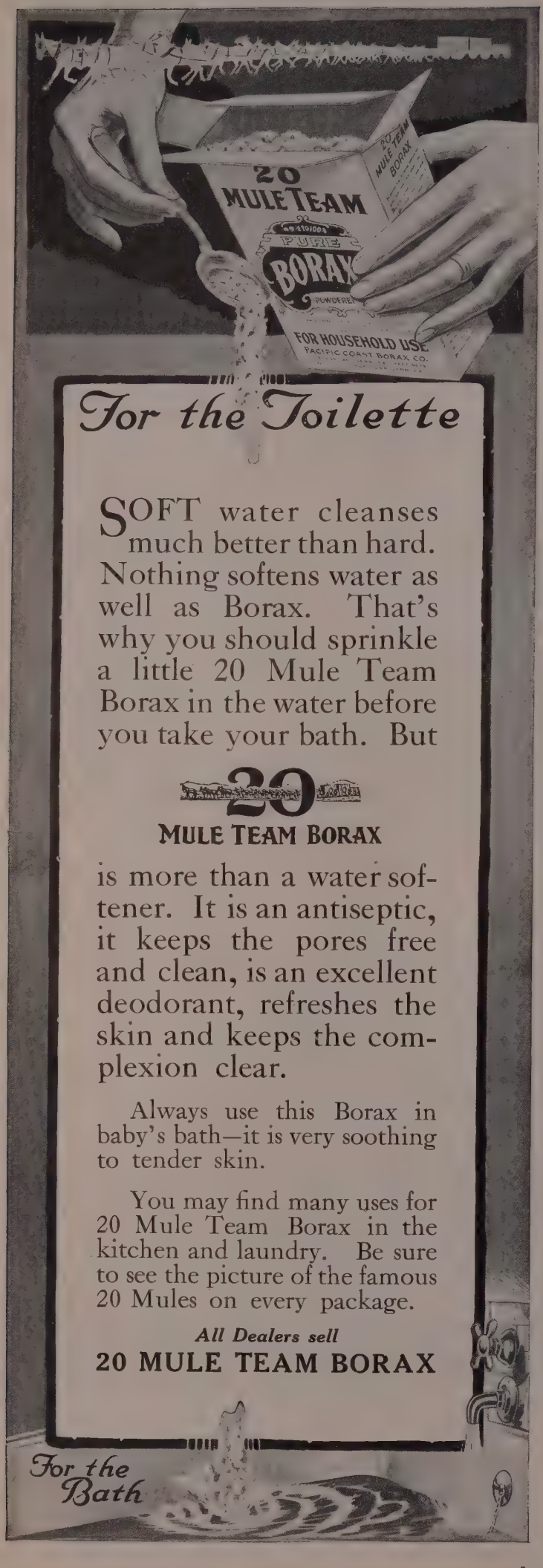

# AUTHORS ATTENTION!

We are in the market for good stories suitable for the film. Money is no consideration—what we want are bright ideas. Have you a side splitting farce, a powerful drama, a pleasant comedy or a successful play that would make a sensational screen success? We want it!

If you are a famous author who wants prompt consideration, let us have your story. If you are an untried, but worthy photoplaywright, submit your plots to us. No matter who you are, or where you come from, if you have a corking good film scenario, it will pay you to get in touch with us!

We will pay well for the best material! BUT IT MUST BE THE BEST! And if possible material that has been published in Book or Magazine form.

*Address* L B C *c/o*
The THEATRE MAGAZINE


20 MULE TEAM
PURE
BORAX
POWDERED
FOR HOUSEHOLD USE
PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.
For the Toilette
SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But
20
MULE TEAM BORAX
is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.
Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.
You may find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.
All Dealers sell
20 MULE TEAM BORAX
For the Bath

# MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES." Lines and lyrics by Rennold Wolf and Gene Buck, music by Louis A. Hirsch and Dave Stamper, interpolations by Irving Berlin and Victor Jacobi. Produced on June 18 with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Percival Johnson | Eddie Cantor |
| Recruiting Officer | Frank Carter |
| His Assistant | Gus Minton |
| Asylum Attendant | Harry Kelly |
| Billie Burke | Marilynn Miller |
| His Satanic Majesty | Will Rogers |
| Head Clerk | Frank Carter |
| The Girl in Hell | Allyn King |
| Bell Boy | Kathryn Perry |
| A Profiteer | Harry Kelly |
| New York Society Woman | "Dolores" |
| A Dancing Girl | Ann Pennington |
| Eve | Kay Laurell |
| Twin Imps | Fairbanks Twins |
| Liberty Loan Slacker | Clay Hill |
| Somebody's Sweetheart | Dorothy Leeds |
| Senator La Follette | W. C. Fields |
| Inventor of Bicycles | Billie Ritchie |
| Lillian Lorraine | |

HOW old friends like to meet again! "The Follies" are one year older and back at the New Amsterdam we find our acquaintances of years past—Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Ann Pennington, and Lillian Lorraine. The only newcomer is cute little Marilynn Miller, and she indeed is an asset.

Scenically, as well as sartorially, "The Follies" are up to the mark set in previous productions. But the piece can hardly be said to present anything particularly novel or original.

There is a full share of the famous Ziegfeld beauties—a dazzling array of feminine loveliness. But, undoubtedly, "The Follies" need a new note. Who among the many librettists and lyric writers will find it for "The Follies of 1919?"

---

THE Fourth of July was brought to a memorable close at the Stadium of the College of the City of New York, where, with Secretary Daniels as guest of honor, for four hours the talent of the army and navy, the stage, music, and society raised a crescendo of patriotism.

The programme began at twilight with a naval band, a sham battle by sailors from Pelham, and a drill by the marines.

Mme. Tamaki Miura, a diminutive figure, in a gorgeous kimono, sang the Japanese anthem, and *Un bel di* from "Butterfly," that is hers by right of birth.

Then eighteen hundred singing-sailors from Pelham marched on the field, the rows of dazzling white uniforms only broken by the colors of the flags standing at attention before the reviewing stand. Flags of electric lights flashed out of the darkness behind them, and under the zealous direction of Percy Hemus, one of the best Government song-leaders, they sang the good old songs, and the new ones, too.

Schumann-Heink, who from coast to coast has become a mother to every boy in the army, sang Oley Speaks' *"When the Boys Come Home,"* and the *"Star Spangled Banner,"* as they can only be sung with the heart besides the voice. Then she was escorted to the reviewing stand to watch the rest of the programme, a pleasant arrangement that was repeated as each artist finished.

Ethel Barrymore, a slim vision again, opened the pageant proper by reciting Zoe Akins' "Ode to the Allies," and the spirit of it so overwhelmed her, with the departure of her husband, Lieutenant Colt, for France, and the loss of her cousin, Rankin Drew, at the front, that the whole audience understood and sympathized when Miss Barrymore, the actress, was forgotten, and Ethel Barrymore, the woman, broke into sobs at the end, and was assisted from the platform.

Then Miss Virginia Hylan, the mayor's daughter, as New York, led the thirteen original states, and the Allies, represented by society women and prominent actresses, each with an escort of their own officers and men, ending with the singing of the national anthems by Anna Fitziu for America, Dora Gibson for England, and Muratore's inspired *"Marseillaise"* as the climax of it all.

---

## VICTOR RECORDS

A very timely and inspiring orchestra number is Victor Herbert's *"American Fantasie"* played by Victor Herbert's Orchestra on a Victor Record just issued. The fantasie is a brilliant piece of musicianship. A magnificent introductory movement leads to a full orchestral presentation of *"Hail Columbia,"* and there follows such soul-thrilling airs as *"The Old Folks at Home," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Dixie," "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."*

Billy Murray rolls off one of his inimitable Irish songs—*"They Were All Out of Step But Jim."*

On the reverse of the record "Sailor" Reilly sings *"We're All Going Calling On the Kaiser—to Fit Him With a Wooden Kimono."*

The Peerless Quartet presents a song that we are all willing to echo—*"We'll Do Our Share (While You're Over There.)"* —*Adv.*

## COLUMBIA RECORDS

Scintillating with stars is the list of new Columbia records for August! There are, among the operatic and concert artists, Barrientos, Lazaro, Sascha Jacobsen and Hulda Lashanska; from the lighter stage Al Jolson, Nora Bayes, Harry Fox, Van and Schenck and the Farber Sisters; with war songs and popular musical hits of the day sung by such well-known singers as Campbell and Burr, Robert Lewis, Arthur Fields, Charles Harrison and the Peerless Quartet.

Barrientos, who made musical history last season at the Metropolitan Opera in "I Puritani," selects from this great opera one of its most charming melodies, *"Qui la Voce,"* for her August Columbia record. It is the mad scene—a glittering collection of runs and roulades just suited to the superb voice of the brilliant Spanish prima donna.

—*Adv.*

# MOTION PICTURE SECTION

*Edited by MIRILO*

© Degaston

LOIS MEREDITH

The legitimate and motion picture star who has given her services to the Over There Theatre League, and is now in France entertaining the American troops

# DOES THE PUBLIC KNOW WHAT IT WANTS?

THE Sunset Limited was whirling rapidly Eastward and already the passengers had settled themselves for the long trip with the easy adaptability of American travelers. In the smoker was Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-President of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, tranquilly sorting out the papers and magazines he intended to read from a mass of literature. Mr. Lasky was entirely unaware that anyone had designs of an "interview" with him. Had he given the matter a thought he would have believed the smoker of a transcontinental express a spot where he might be—as it were—immune.

* * *

It was not to be, however, and an enterprising young newspaperman, across the aisle, soon had him deep in the mazes of a discussion of his favorite subject—"movies"; their past, present and future. The conversation drew a circle of interested listeners and the question was brought up as to whether the public actually knows what pictures it wants to see, or whether the producers, as one observing youngster remarked, made the people want a certain kind of a picture.

"Which came first—the chicken or the egg? Does public opinion mold the pictures or do the pictures mold public opinion? Both queries are equally difficult," laughed Mr. Lasky at that, "although in the case of the movies the answer is, perhaps, a trifle more obvious. You see, the pictures really came before anyone had any idea what sort they wanted.

"It wasn't a question in those days, of what kind of pictures anyone liked, or wished to make, anyway. Travel pictures and a few wild West melodramas about made up the scope of the first photoplays."

* * *

As Mr. Lasky had recently been responsible for a statement emanating from his New York offices to the effect that in future the Paramount and Artcraft pictures would include absolutely no morbid, depressing, or fanciful costume plays, he was questioned as to his reason for such a step.

"Inasmuch as it is possible to 'feel' the public pulse," he said, "we are doing so in the detailed reports which we are receiving daily from exhibitors all over the country. The fact that these reports, all from reliable exhibitors of long standing in the game and well able to judge, vary to the point of absolute contradiction, made our decision harder to reach. But, perhaps, if I read you a few samples you will better understand our difficulty."

At this point, Mr. Lasky drew a packet of legal-looking documents, which, he explained, were the typed reports for the past week. Picking one at hazard, he began to read:

"'Blue Blazes Rawden' no good for us. Nothing doing on this Western stuff"—signed by a prominent exhibitor of Austin, Texas. An interested showman of Anaconda, Montana, on the other hand, observed that "Our audiences seek virility, and for a setting nothing goes better than Bill Hart in such pictures as 'Blue Blazes Rawden,' although, of course, we can't give them all Westerns."

This started a general laugh and Mr. Lasky, picking at random, read a few more that more than showed what he meant. For instance: "'Let's Get a Divorce,' I am sure you will agree is the best picture Billie Burke has yet released," says one, while his fellow exhibitor, in another corner of the country, asserts: "'Let's Get a Divorce' did poor business. There is nothing in this Billie Burke picture."

* * *

"As to the much-disputed question as to whether 'heavy' or problem plays are popular, the following conflicting opinions were quoted: the one—'The Whispering Chorus' is one of the best, our people say, and I say, too. It drives the truth home hard; and the other—'The Whispering Chorus' did a very poor business. The general opinion of our patrons was that it was harrowing and gruesome.

"Even the Maeterlinck masterpiece, 'The Blue Bird,' came in for its share of adverse criticism," said Mr. Lasky. "Although it also received more enthusiastic praise from people with artistic taste than any picture we have put out. And yet, one exhibitor said: "The Blue Bird" was unsatisfactory as it had no drawing power here. Not liked by our audience. Such pictures should be eliminated.'"

"How do the public like costume plays?" queried someone after that.

"Here is one place where contradictions are not in evidence," said Mr. Lasky, "for nearly all exhibitors agree that their patrons do *not* care for the costume-style picture. 'La Tosca,' one of the most exquisite pictures ever filmed and starring beautiful Pauline Frederick, received many adverse criticisms merely because it came under the head of 'costume picture.'

* * *

"This I can attribute to only one outstanding fact," went on the great producer. "That is, the fact that the war has influenced the people to give more thought to conditions of today, to make them live more vividly than ever in the immediate present. They need cheering diversion, too, and too frequently these costume plays are too tensely dramatic, bordering closely on the problem play, which has now become almost obsolete on the stage despite its tremendous vogue a few years ago.

"The present world conditions have resulted, it is scarcely necessary to observe, in a pronounced revulsion of feeling and a decided alteration of public thought, which, in turn, has had a marked influence upon the character of amusements provided for public entertainment and edification to-day.

* * *

"From exhibitors all over the country we have received continued assurance that cheerful pictures are what is needed and must be produced. This is more than a matter of good business sense—it is a National duty. I fully believe that the 'movies,' the only inexpensive form of amusement open to the masses, are what provide the real morale, the stamina, of our public.

"This will become more and more noticeable as the war progresses and more of the public who have depended upon other amusements turn to the 'silent drama' both for its variety, its accessibility and its inexpensiveness. There has been much discussion of late," went on Mr. Lasky, "about the relative values of certain great stars; that is, whether they could do more good in the army or in the studios where they turn out wholesome, invigorating and cheering pictures for the public.

"Of course, there can be no question as to my attitude, but I fully believe that more and more people are coming to feel the way I do about the matter. It has been said that the most important battles are often fought behind the lines. In the homes and home cities, and that one of the most dangerous allies of the Kaiser is mere discouragement—or Gloom. This is usually dissipated by a visit to a cinema-theatre, and popular idols tide over many a hard place.

* * *

"This line of thought would lead you to believe that motion pictures influence the people rather more than vice versa—but, as I said, or in words to that effect, I believe it's really 'fifty-fifty.' Just as public opinion molds manners and customs, languages—by popular usage, and even laws, so it shapes the moving pictures. For instance, the Western pictures, which were popular at the commencement of motion pictures, gradually became unpopular and were practically obsolete until very recently when the desire for them seems to have sprung up again from the number of requests we receive for them.

"For a while the Western pictures were so overdone, and so many of them were produced that the market became poor for them. This was due, perhaps, to the fact that small struggling companies found them cheaper to make, and quicker, than other kinds. Two or three 'Westerns' could be made while one ordinary picture was being started. Nowadays, however, many of the most expensive stars appear in Western productions, the cost of which mounts higher, sometimes, than any other kind.

"That was a case where the pictures molded public opinion, was it not? Another case of that sort are the Emerson-Loos pictures. These two, director and scenario writer, respectively, in the many Douglas Fairbanks pictures on which they collaborated, inaugurated a new type of picture—bringing real satire to the screen; the gently humorous satire which makes people laugh with the characters rather than at them, seeing themselves oftentimes in the characters of the picture.

* * *

"Now this was new and totally different from anything that had been attempted. Critics shook their heads and said it wouldn't 'get across'; that it was 'over their heads.' How mistaken they were was shown in the success of the pictures and the ever-growing popularity of the authors.

"Here are some interesting reports," said Mr. Lasky, turning a page, "they will give you an idea of the thousands of similar ones we receive all the time, and from which we drew the conclusions that led to the issue of our recent announcement that we would make no more 'heavy,' morbid or costume pictures.

"'Don't think you can educate the public to anything other than a pleasing and clean story,' says the Manager of one of the large theatres of Kansas City, Mo., 'especially at this time of war. Cut out sob stuff. Suggestive stuff may have been O. K. sometime in some places, but good clean stories with plenty of action are good drawing for *any* place. Give us more like "The Hired Man," "Love Me," etc. Frederick and Ferguson and others are great actresses, but cut out the sob stuff *at this time,* anyway. Also, I'm glad to have got away from rags for Mary Pickford.'

* * *

"Does the public know what it wants?" asked Mr. Lasky. "'Prunella' was one of the finest screen achievements of this decade. But this is what two exhibitors have to say about it:

"An exhibitor in Cleveland, Ohio, says: '"Prunella" with us, did a satisfactory business. It is a wonderfully directed picture. But why all this artistry? Educating patrons does not mean appealing to the masses, while the classes are in a great minority and the box-office

suffers from lack of shekels. Give us a delightful story, easy to comprehend, and you will please all instead of a few.'

"His brother exhibitor in Kansas City, Mo., says: '"Prunella" did poor business. I want to know why you make pictures of this kind when the people do not want them? This is our first experience of having our patrons come out and object to a Clark picture. Please, please keep away from fairy stories and wig stories. Because "Snow White" got the money, that is no sign that people want fairy tales. Please give us some more "Silks and Satins," "Mice and Men," "Wildflower" and "Still Waters."'

"'Let us have *only* comedy dramas like "The Fair Babarian," "A Petticoat Pilot," "Spirit of '17," "Tom Sawyer," recent Pickford pictures, Marguerite Clark's pictures, Julian Eltinge's, Jack Pickford's and Hart's —in fact, any, or all, pictures wherein there is comedy, something to laugh at, something entertaining and amusing,' says the Manager of the Princess Theatre, Ottumwa, Iowa.

"A manager in Roanoke, Virginia, says: '"Tom Sawyer" was like the vaudeville act which is the hit of the bill. All liked it. "Rimrock Jones" is the stuff. Easy going, easily understood, taxes no one's mind, outdoors, good action and well made. "Seven Swans" made them all comment. Splendid.'

"'Give us more pictures of the "Naughty, Naughty" and "Tom Sawyer" type,' says the Empire Theatre Manager, of Montgomery, Alabama.

"'Amarilly of Clothesline Alley' is one of the better class of Mary Pickford films,' says a man from Mt. Clemens, Michigan. 'Keep it up. Full of character study and little touches that go over the top.' 'Give all stars a pleasing and clean story. Don't think you can educate the public to anything other than this in war times. Give us more of "Miss George Washington" style of story, writes a Kansas City exhibitor.

"A manager of a chain of theatres in Kansas City says: '"The Blue Bird" reminded me of grand opera. It appealed to just a few of the people—mothers, children and a few of the others, but as a whole, it did not please. If you are in a mood to accept that sort of a story you will go out and like it, but if you come into the show with your mind on other matters, it is very hard to get interested. Worst of all, a great many people passed by our theatre because the photos all look like a fairy tale. Fairy-tale stuff in your lobby is just like pepper in their eyes.'

"'To get at the meat of the subject,' says an exhibitor of that city, 'we want Western plays and light comedy dramas. Farrar, Frederick, or Petrova pictures do very little business with us on account of the tense, heavy dramas in which they play. We do very well with Fairbanks and Hart pictures on account of the Western atmosphere, and on Pickford and Clark when cast in light, pleasing comedy dramas.'

"The Strand Theatre, Providence, R. I., sends in the following: "'Rose of the World,' whether from the artistic, entertainment or production point of view sets a standard and will be hard to beat. Elsie Ferguson is rising rapidly in our patron's idea of what a star should be, and if her work continues to improve she will be a top-notch drawing card.'

"'"The Blue Bird" did poor business,' says the Manager of the Trio Theatre, Marshfield, Wisconsin. 'We boosted this picture for two months before putting it through the schools (the teachers read the story to the children), the library could not keep the books in, and borrowed a number of them from a neighboring town, so had a large amount in circulation weeks before the picture was put on. We billed the town—everyone knew it was for that day and the next, yet the matinée killed the evening performance; four knockers to six boosters. It's a most beautiful production, and no one should have missed it, but Marshfield is not ripe for pictures of this kind. Every classic has missed fire here.'

"'As a novelty, a demonstration of the athletic and cowboy abilities of Fairbanks and an example of whirlwind action on the screen, "Headin' South" is great'; says a Dallas exhibitor. 'It is interesting throughout and our patrons liked it. A few of the "sweet young things" were disappointed, because there was not much of a love-story, but we say better too little of that than too much. The love affair was given little development, but that, too, can be overlooked in the case of "Doug," for he doesn't give things time to develop naturally. Several of our patrons, like myself, missed the usual wholesome underlying philosophy that we have come to expect in the Fairbanks' pictures, but all were satisfied. I say this is all right, great, in fact, because too many on the same order would be too many, and more than one would be too many. Fairbanks has been unusually fortunate in finding stories, or else has shown extremely good judgment in choosing them. We hope this will continue, for Fairbanks is one of the few stars who always mean money to us.'

"'All of Fairbanks' pictures go over big. Why? Because the star has been furnished with vehicles and opportunities that if he makes good, which he has, at once lift him above the commonplace. He would never have, I do not believe, gained the popularity that is his with mediocre stories, with no "pep" nor without "punch." It may be argued that Fairbanks has the pep, that he is the "punch." True, but would anyone ever have known his worth if he had not been furnished a channel for its outflow?'

"'There are stars on the Artcraft program that are sure fire every time,' says another exhibitor. 'Hart, Fairbanks, Pickford, Cohan—favorites always.

"So, I believe, it should be with stars. The directors should use every care in selecting vehicles for the stars. Learn what stories are best adapted to the various stars, or put it the other way, learn what stars are adapted for the stories.

If a star makes good in one sort of a story, and your reports from over the country will establish this for you, then so far so good.

DORIS KENYON AND HARRY C. BROWN—DE LUXE PICTURES

© Victor Georg

ELSIE FERGUSON—ARTCRAFT STAR

# Are You Too Wise to be Natural?

BEEN seeing good pictures? Want to be sure you're going to keep on seeing them? Easy.

Both Paramount and Artcraft trade-marks have come to mean so much to so many millions that the words "photo-plays" are almost superfluous.

Paramount and Artcraft are *that* fine—in stars, in direction and in character.

* * *

Ever wish you could forget all the fol-de-rol of dinner coats and calling cards and that sort of thing? And get a bunch of corn silk and soft-foot it behind that big rock—and light up with Joey, your particular pal? And get sick and everything?

Or, are you too wise to be natural—are you afraid to play hookey from yourself?

You're not? Good enough. Then you've kept your grip on the greatest thing in life.

And the spirit of play, of make-believe, is what lets you go on, day in and out, forgetting those practical, prosaic things that hold your nose to the grindstone.

It's no secret at all—the gate to the great playground.

You'll find it on the screen of the modern motion picture theatre—the theatre that advertises and shows the motion pictures of the American family—Paramount and Artcraft pictures. Paramount and Artcraft pictures are the *better* pictures of the motion picture art—supreme in stars, masterly in direction, superb in mounting and discriminating and authoritative in the literature and drama they visualize.

* * *

You, too, can see and enjoy Paramount and Artcraft pictures—they are made for you. There is a theatre near you that shows them because *your* kind of people want them.

## Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

*Three Ways to Know* *how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures*

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

*one* By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

*two* By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

*three* By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

(Right)

June Caprice, who, it is said, has just left William Fox. Miss Caprice's future plans will be announced shortly

(Lower Left)

Lloyd Hughes supporting Margarita Fischer in "Impossible Susan." Mr. Hughes was featured in "I'm A Man," one of the Judge Willis Brown stories

(Lower Right)

John Barrymore will be seen under the Paramount banner this coming year, which means that a treat is in store for picture fans

# UNWINDING THE REEL

James E. McBride, President of the New York Municipal Civil Service Commission, has tendered his resignation to Mayor John F. Hylan, to take effect before July 1. Mr. McBride is to take an executive position with the Fox Film Corporation.

Mr. McBride, who formerly was a newspaper man, was in charge of the publicity of the Business Men's League, which conducted Mr. Hylan's campaign for Mayor.

* * *

The first print of Bessie Barriscale's forthcoming Paralta Play, "Patriotism," was screened for the benefit of the executives at the New York offices of Paralta Plays, Inc., all of whom proclaimed the picture excellent.

This photo drama is enacted by a cast headed by Bessie Barriscale and including such well-known players as Charles Gunn, Herschel Mayall, Arthur Allardt, Joseph J. Dowling, Ida Lewis, Clifford Alexander, and that delightful screen kiddie, Mary Jane Irving.

* * *

The insidious manner in which Germany sought to push its propaganda in South America through films made in Germany, re-titled in Spain and sent to South America from Spain, and of the manner in which American films have ousted the German propaganda pictures and established a much more cordial feeling toward the United States in all South American countries, is interestingly told in a letter received by World Pictures from John E. Moore. Mr. Moore penned the letter at Punta Arenas, South America, while held up in that city during the time that his vessel coaled before proceeding through the Straits of Magellan.

"During this trip of mine through these South American countries," wrote Mr. Moore, "I have made some interesting discoveries regarding the manner in which Germany was able to distribute its propaganda films through South America so thoroughly despite the fact that she was cut off from any direct intercourse. The propaganda films were made in Germany, then shipped to Spain, where they were retitled in Spanish—the prevailing language down here—and then shipped here from Spain. Many of the films were given to theatres free of charge. Others were placed with theatres by German commercial travelers, who while ostensibly not connected with the German Government, plugged for the propaganda films in town after town after completing their regular day's work. Naturally, the German films were widely distributed in this manner.

"Now, however, I am glad to say that American films have pushed the German pictures into the discard and it will be a big satisfaction to American producers to know that it is the superior entertainment value of American films over any other make, which has done this. South Americans like our films—in fact, I may say that they are crazy about them. This delight in American films is doing far more than any diplomacy could possibly do in cementing the friendship of the United States and South America."

* * *

It has been announced, closely following a series of rumors, that Col. Jacob Ruppert, brewer and owner of a baseball club, has been attracted by the possibilities within the motion-picture industry and has decided to enter the business as President of the Film Clearing House, recently organized. It is said the purpose of the new organization is to eliminate the vast distributing overhead expenses that are said to make the exchange end of the business unprofitable in too many instances.

* * *

J. Stuart Blackton, it became known June 19, has affixed his signature to what is considered a unique contract, by which he not only acquires the screen rights to "Getting Together," patriotic recruiting play produced on the stage in New York, but is also commissioned to transfer it to the screen under the auspices and with the co-operation of the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission.

This war play is the joint work of Major Beith, who has also won fame as Ian Hay, author of "The First Hundred Thousand," and other stories; J. Hartley Manners, the playwright who gave us "Peg o' My Heart," "Out There," and "Happiness," and Percival Knight, the footlight favorite, who is also featured in the stage version with Blanche Bates and Holbrook Blinn.

Commodore Blackton has already engaged Anthony P. Kelly to collaborate with him in elaborating the plot for the screen and to write the scenario. A prominent feminine star, whose name is expected to be announced later, is to be featured in the production.

* * *

As the first big, new offering of its Fall Drive, the Educational Films Corporation of America announces a series of Dwight L. Elmendorf's pictures—many of them closely connected with the scenes where the present war is being fought—to be released every two weeks, beginning late in August or early in September.

Mr. Elmendorf was the pioneer in the fascinating field of exploring Nature for the purpose of giving the public the results of exploration in the combined form of travel talk and motion picture. He first got the remarkable close-up effects of distant objects by his use of the telephoto camera. In fact, he invented his own cameras, made all his own equipment and besides at the start was his own cameraman, developer and printer, preparing only one positive of each negative for use in a lecture series.

* * *

When William S. Hart returns from the mountain location where he is now filling the final scenes of his latest production, "Riddle Gawne," he will have completed the first year of his contract with the Artcraft Pictures Corporation, through which his productions are being released. The Artcraft contract calls for eight pictures a year featuring the famous Western actor, and "Riddle Gawne" is the eighth to be made since the signing of the agreement. The contract, however, does not expire with the ending of the fiscal year, but will continue for some time to come. Mr. Hart's own company, the William S. Hart Production, Inc., will continue to produce at the company's own studio in Hollywood, California, and the pictures will still be marketed through Artcraft.

Plans for the second year of the contract have been practically completed and several stories are ready for Mr. Hart to start making. His next picture will be somewhat of a change from the average Hart production, although it is a Western story, as it deals to a great extent with military affairs, and Mr. Hart, in part of it, will be clad in khaki instead of in the usual Western attire with which he is identified.

* * *

Gail Kane is to appear in a series of feature productions which are to be produced by her own company. This announcement is made by the star simultaneously with an announcement from James M. Sheldon, President of the Mutual Film Corporation, of a contract for the distribution of the Kane pictures.

The producing organization will be known as "Gail Kane Productions."

Miss Kane's first picture goes into work at New York studios within ten days. The story chosen is under the working title of "Love's Law." It is an original scenario by Joseph Franklin Poland, a picture author with a long list of important successes.

* * *

For the first time in the history of the photoplay, the Inca tribe of Indians has been employed as a plot basis. It is used in the writing of the new Pathé serial "Hands Up," by Gilson Willets, celebrated novelist and playwright. Ruth Roland and George Chesebro have the leading rôles in this story which is now being filmed amid historic surroundings in the Southwest.

There will be fifteen episodes of two reels each in "Hands Up" and the "release" of the first episode will come sometime in August.

The Inca Indians, which it will be remembered were the ruling Tribe in ancient Peru, were possesed of immense wealth. History records great festivals held in beautiful palaces where all the plate was of solid gold. The tribal rulers went abroad adorned with great rubies and diamonds and other precious stones.

What became of these great treasures, as the race died out, has never been revealed. Upon this fruitful basis, Mr. Willets has built an absorbing story. Palaces in replica of those used by the Incas centuries ago, have been built at the California studio of the Astra Film Corporation, which is producing the serial for Pathé.

* * *

The two initial productions by the Haworth Pictures Corporation's series of special productions for Mutual, featuring Sessue Hayakawa, contain dramatic elements of novel character.

The productions are entitled "His Birthright" and "The Temple of Dusk." The first release will be on September 1.

Hayakawa is acknowledged all over the world to be the foremost Japanese exponent of stagecraft. He is subtle and elusive. He fascinates with the spell of his orientalism. He is a cosmopolite, having topped off his education in Tokio University with a term in the University of Chicago.

Hayakawa selects his own plays and casts and believes the nearer to nature you are the better dramatist you may be.

Smiling Bill Parsons, who can be seen in Capitol Comedies, has created considerable laughter for we—us and company

Virginia Pearson as "The War Mother" in "A Daughter of France," produced by William Fox

© *Underwood & Underwood*

A delightful setting has been provided for Marguerite Clark in her latest Paramount picture, "Out Of a Clear Sky"

S. Rankin Drew, son of Sidney Drew, who has been reported as killed while flying in his aeroplane over the German lines in France

Henry B. Walthall and Lillian Gish in a scene from D. W. Griffith's Artcraft picture "The Great Love"

Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley in a scene from "The Golden Wall," a World Film release

A scene from "We Can't Have Everything," Cecil B. De Mille's special production. We have here Manda Hawley, Tully Marshall, and Theodore Roberts

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW YORK

MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE
Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World
MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE
10 CENTS
What is more irresistible than Murad ?

# Columbia Grafonola

FOR joyous, sparkling, up-to-the-minute music —Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola.

For the latest hits of the top-liners, for the newest novelty dances, for the comic opera tunes that everybody's whistling, for the songs the soldiers really sing—Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola.

For the great music of all ages, for operatic masterpieces sung by world-famous artists, for the orchestral triumphs of great symphonies—Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola.

THE Columbia Grafonola is the instrument that runs up the biggest musical mileage because Columbia Records give Columbia owners the music they really like and want to play. A big, handsome, clear-voiced instrument is the Columbia Grafonola with a rich quality and superb volume of tone that does full justice to Columbia Records. For live, up-to-date music on a live, up-to-date instrument—Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola.

*Buy War Savings Stamps*

Columbia Graphophone Company
*New York*

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Grafonola

*Columbia Grafonolas are priced at $20 to $300*
*Period designs up to $2100*
*Prices in Canada plus duty*

## NEW SONGS FOR SEPTEMBER

Smiles . . . . . *Callahan & Roberts*
Bluebird . . . . . *Clare Kummer*
Mandy and Me . . . . *Gumble & McKenna*
When we went to Sunday School *Kahn—Van Alstyn*
I'll Love you More for Losing You A While *Egan—Whiting*
We'll Build a Rainbow in the Sky *Whiting—Egan*
It Might as Well be You . . *Kahn—Van Alstyne*
When We Meet in the Sweet Bye and Bye *Stanley Murphy*
For Your Boy and My Boy . *Kahn—Van Alstyne*
Ragtime Mose's Old Time Bombashay— *Van—Schenck—Franklin*
Cotton Hollow Harmony . . *Whiting—Mason*
My Girl of the Southland . . *Brown—Hoier*
A Little Birch Canoe and You . . *Roberts*
She Was Not so Bad for a Country Girl *Bud DeSylva*
Tackin' Em Down . . . *Gumble—DeSylva*

### POPULAR OPERATIC HITS

N' Everything . . . . *Sung by Al Jolson*
But—After The Ball Is Over . *Sung by Eddie Cantor*
A Wonderful Thing . . . *Sung by Sallie Fisher*
I'm Over Here and You're Over There—My Baby Talk Lady—The Gallie-Curci Rag—Trombone Jazz,
*From the Passing Show of 1918 at the Winter Garden.*

*For sale wherever music is sold, or of the publishers*

**JEROME H. REMICK & CO.**

CHICAGO NEW YORK DETROIT



# Richard Walton Tully

**Season 1918—1919**

*ATTRACTIONS*

MR. & MRS. SIDNEY DREW
appearing personally in
"KEEP HER SMILING"
by John Hunter Booth
*Now Playing at Astor Theatre, New York*

GUY BATES POST
in
"THE MASQUERADER"
by John Hunter Booth
*On Tour*

Two Companies in
"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"
by Richard Walton Tully
(Management Oliver Morosco)



# AUTHORS ATTENTION!

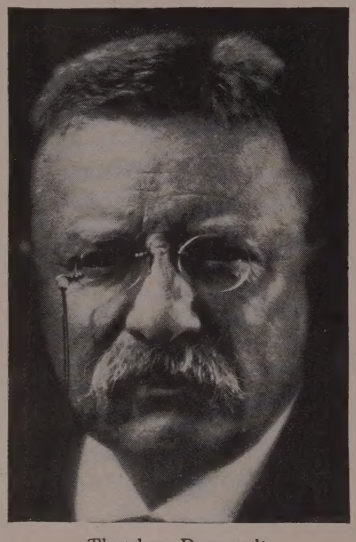
We are in the market for good stories suitable for the film. Money is no consideration—what we want are bright ideas. Have you a side splitting farce, a powerful drama, a pleasant comedy or a successful play that would make a sensational screen success? We want it!

If you are a famous author who wants prompt consideration, let us have your story. If you are an untried, but worthy photoplaywright, submit your plots to us. No matter who you are, or where you come from, if you have a corking good film scenario, it will pay you to get in touch with us!

We will pay well for the best material! BUT IT MUST BE THE BEST! And if possible material that has been published in Book or Magazine form.

*Address* L B C *c/o*
The THEATRE MAGAZINE

# 3 features you will find in the METROPOLITAN *every month* and in no other magazine—



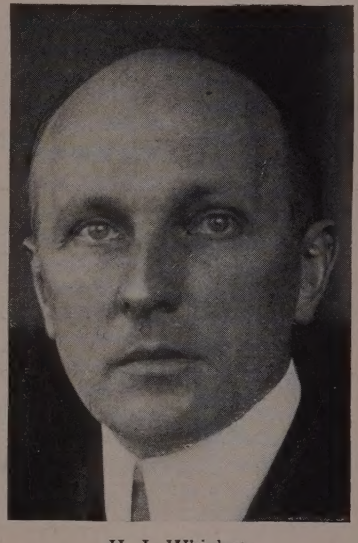
Theodore Roosevelt

## COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S PAGE

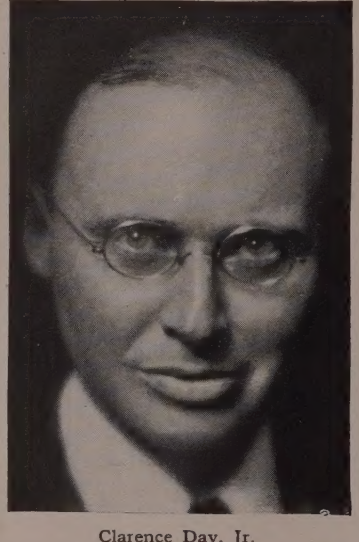
The Issues of the day interpreted and flavored with the robust Americanism of "an American's American."

## THE WORLD TIDE

The world and the great forces directing the destinies of nations seen through the eyes of one who knows the Bagdad Railroad as you know your home street.



H. J. Whigham



Clarence Day, Jr.

## THE BUSINESS OF LIVING

The whimsical, sane and heartening philosophy and observations of one who loves books and life. The freshest feature you will find in any magazine.

**The above plus special articles and real life fiction go to make the METROPOLITAN incomparably the best magazine in America**

This coupon will bring the **METROPOLITAN** to your home every month. Send no money now. Wait for our bill. Enroll now and make sure of your copy. The editions of the **METROPOLITAN** are limited because of paper conservation.

T. M.

**METROPOLITAN**, 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Send me the **METROPOLITAN**, each month, for one year. I will remit $2.00 on receipt of your bill and first copy of my subscription.

Name .....

Address .....

Canadian postage, 50c; foreign postage, 85c.

# "I Am Against the Postal 'Zone' Law"

## Ambassador Gerard Denounces It Because It Would Help German Propaganda

THE newspapers and magazines of this country are the chief educational agencies of our nation, and as such of supreme importance in our principles of Government. The widest possible circulation of publications ought to be facilitated as a wise public policy.

The postal "zone" system was abolished by Abraham Lincoln in 1863 and has since been condemned by United States Postal Commissions and postal experts. Such a law was denounced by President Wilson when he was governor of New Jersey.

This postal "zone" system is dangerous to our national progress and citizenship; because it would sectionalize the country; because it would penalize readers by their accidental remoteness from the city of publication; and because it would make difficult the knowledge and achievements of American thought and patriotism.

There is a direct relationship between wide reading, accessibility of information—and effective patriotism. Reading should be encouraged—and the history of our postal development from George Washington to the present proves this. This is what George Washington said:

"But here I cannot forbear to recommend *a repeal of the tax on the transportation of public prints.* There is no resource so firm for the Government of the United States as the affections of the people, guided by an enlightened policy, and to this primary good nothing can conduce more than a faithful representation of public proceedings, diffused without restraint throughout the United States." (George Washington's Fifth Annual Message to Congress, December 3, 1793.)

**Our postage on magazines is FOUR times the Canada rate. Our Congress has increased magazine postage by 50 to 900 per cent through a "zone" system—and during the greatest crisis this nation has ever faced.**

**Canada has raised postal rates during the war on every class except newspapers and magazines. Canada recognized the vital need of widespread reading to help win the war.**

**Our Congress has passed a law to throttle reading during the war and after it by this postal "zone" system and a 50 to 900 per cent postage increase! Demand its repeal—at once.**

*Photo Copyright by Underwood & Underwood*

AMBASSADOR JAMES W. GERARD

***Ambassador Gerard said:***

**"Now we have to meet this German Propaganda.** The war is not going to last forever—and you have seen what German Propaganda has done in Russia. These are grave dangers, and they only go to show what can happen in a country like Russia.

**"Fortunately, they cannot propaganda** this country as they can Russia, because we have great publications that go all over the country and have unified the whole country and the whole continent. **That is why I am against postal "zone" law passed in the last Congress** putting an extra tax on papers sent from the cities where published.

"They forget that, whether these publications go from Philadelphia, from San Francisco, or from Chicago, it is the exchange of these papers from and to all parts of the country that makes one, universal, united America.

"They unify the sentiment, and that is worth far more in this war than the small amount of extra postage which the Government will obtain."

WIDESPREAD opportunity of reading means efficient patriotism—it is proved by facts. Could any fact be of greater significance than the following:

When the recruiting of American soldiers for this great and righteous war was begun one year ago, each State was alloted a certain quota of enlistments. One year after eight States *failed* to complete their quotas—and six of these are from States showing the *highest percentage of illiteracy in our entire country:*

| | Per cent. of illiteracy by last census. |
|---|---|
| Arkansas..... | 12% |
| Louisiana..... | 19% |
| Mississippi..... | 22% |
| North Carolina... | 18% |
| South Carolina... | 25% |
| Virginia..... | 15% |

In those States there is no magazine circulation to speak of.

Magazine circulations are but small in those states—every publisher's circulation list proves this. How could the ringing appeals to patriotism and sacrifice published widespread by the magazines reach the minds of those who do not read!

Read Ambassador Gerard's statement *that magazines unify sentiment and make one, universal, united America.*

And this postal "zone" law would kill magazines and restrict their circulation in the greatest crisis that has ever confronted this nation since the American Revolution.

Repeal this law.

**Restrict periodical reading and you aid German propaganda—read Ambassador Gerard's condemnation of this same postal "zone" law.**

**Oppose this law. Write to your Senators and Congressmen against this disastrous postal "zone" law—and demand its repeal.**

**Get your friends and family to write. Circulate a petition demanding its repeal.**

**Read Ambassador Gerard's word once again. Enroll to fight this disastrous postal "zone" law and if you will help, you have helped—by discussion, by letter to Congress, by petition—send your name at once to CHARLES JOHNSON POST, 200 Fifth Ave., New York City.**

# QUESTIONS WE ARE ASKED BY AMATEURS

*The letters reproduced on this page speak eloquently of the scope and variety of work that is being done by amateurs. We wish we could publish all the letters that come to us with every mail from practically every State in the Union.*

AN amateur from Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "Will you kindly tell me what in theatrical vernacular 'trying it out on the dog' means?"

* * *

When a play is produced, it is sometimes shown first at Atlantic City, Albany or New Haven, Conn., principally with the idea of giving the producers an opportunity to "whip it into shape," and make necessary cuts and changes before it is given its première on Broadway. As a specific example—the "Ziegfeld Follies," now running, had its opening night at Atlantic City where it played for one week before being shown on Broadway. Harmanus Bleecker Hall, Albany, has been a favorite of William Faversham, for his opening performances. A great many Shubert productions are first shown at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, Conn. Then before the play makes its bow to Broadway—and the critics—who are always present at the first-night performance—it is pruned and polished down, the dialogue changed where necessary, and the company thoroughly rehearsed so that a finished performance is assured.

FROM New Bedford, Mass.: "A clever little group of amateur players are endeavoring to awake small town interest in the 'Over-Seas' affairs. These players are looking for a play somewhat on the style of Jane Cowl's 'Lilac Time.' Could this be procured for an amateur production for a Red Cross benefit without too exorbitant a royalty? If not this, will you advise one that has a strong appeal along similar lines with a leading female character."

* * *

We do not believe it would be possible to get "Lilac Time" under any circumstances, since Jane Cowl, who is one of the authors of the play has been appearing in it on the road, and until it is released for "stock" it cannot be used. We are asking several reliable play brokers to send you catalogues of plays which they have in stock to fill your needs.

FROM the Kimogenor Point Club, Long Island: "Having a fairly good cast and characters, which we think and hope will be suited to our needs, we have decided on Dunsany's "Night At An Inn." Will you inform us whether it would be possible to produce the play without any formalities other than securing and learning our manuscripts? This curtain raiser would be for the benefit of the Red Cross. Will you let us know of a firm where we can secure suitable scenery—also will you inform us where manuscripts may be secured, and how we will be able to rig up the god 'klesh' from Dunsany's play?"

**IF YOU WANT TO KNOW—**

**Where to rent scenery**
**Where to rent costumes**
**How to obtain plays**
**How to obtain manuscripts**
**Anything concerning an Amateur Production—**

**The Amateur Department Will Tell You**

*WHEN sending inquiries, please do not forget to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

*When submitting photographs of amateur productions, for publication in the Theatre Magazine, be sure to write all the information concerning the play and the players and the name and address of the sender, on the back of each photograph.*

To produce the play you must obtain the consent of the author Lord Dunsany, or it might be obtained from Harrison Grey Fiske, 19 West 44th Street, New York, who has purchased the producing rights. As regards the scenery, we have an article about the play in the July, 1916, issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE with illustrations showing the stage set and a separate drawing of the god "klesh" from which you can make a very good working model. You can also get pointers as regards setting, costumes and other details from this article. The play was originally done by the Neighborhood Players, Grand Street, New York, and the original manuscript would have to be obtained from Harrison Grey Fiske. There is a firm in New York who manufacture very convincing and easily adjusted paper scenery which may be hung up. We are asking them to communicate with you.

FROM the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.: "We are going to produce 'Prunella' in June. We want a suggestion for 'Prunella's' costume in the third act. We thought of artistic tatters but cannot picture the costume in mind—can you?"

* * *

In the December, 1913, issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE there is a full page of scenes from "Prunella," showing very clearly her costumes in all three acts. If you wish to hire the "Prunella" costumes we believe we can put you in touch with theatrical costumers who can supply them.

THE Footlights Club of Honolulu, Hawaii: "Our Club intends in the coming season, to put on two or three programs for the benefit of the Red Cross and we should like, if possible, to use Barrie's three one-act war plays for our opening program in November. We have a little theatre of our own, the Lauai Theatre—and all our net proceeds are turned over at once to the American Red Cross. Last winter, in two bills of three one-act plays each, we cleared five hundred dollars in four nights. Will you let me know where I can get Barrie's three little war plays—and whom to address concerning possibly nominal royalty?

* * *

We suggest that you address an inquiry to Charles Frohman, Inc., Empire Theatre, New York, regarding the three Barrie plays. They are in a position to give you full information.

A SHERWOOD, Wis., amateur asks: "Will you kindly send me a list of good three to five-act dramas, etc., for male characters only?"

* * *

FROM Pittsburg, Pa.: "Can you tell me where I can get a short play or musical comedy suitable for home talent? It must be something that can be put on in ten days. Two short sketches would answer."

* * *

FROM Richmond, Va.: "Will you kindly send me a list of the firms from whom I can purchase play manuscripts, musical and dramatic?"

We are always glad to see that catalogues, etc., are sent inquirers like the above, from reliable playbrokers who are specialists in catering to amateur needs.

## Plays For Soldier Audiences

MANY inquiries come to us for plays requiring little or no scenery, other than a back drop, and suitable in character for soldier audinces. We have an interesting catalogue of just such plays, which we shall be very glad to mail on request.